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MACALL'S

MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER
1917

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IMPORTANT

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Price of McCall's Magazine

McCALL'S MAGAZINE is 10 cents a copy at any news-stand or McCall Pattern Agency. If your newsdealer does not carry McCALL'S, please notify us. The subscription price is now 75 cents a year (12 issues), postage free for United States, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands; for Canada, \$1.00 a year; foreign countries \$1.50 a year. Order blank on page 84.

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Complaints

If your magazine does not reach you by the first of the month whose issue you are waiting for, notify us and we will mail you another copy. For example, if the October number has not been received before October 1st, then write us, briefly, giving the following information: (1) Mention last number received, remembering that in August you received the September number (not the August number); (2) Tell date you subscribed; (3) Mention amount of money sent, and how, if you sent it direct; (4) Send original receipt, if you gave your subscription to an agent.

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If you intend to change your address, please give us four weeks' notice. We cannot make a change of address on our list, unless you give your complete old address as well as your new address. It will help if you also mention the date you subscribed.

Manuscripts

The Editor is not responsible for loss or injury to manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted. Manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes for their return.

Advertisements

We will not knowingly, or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favor if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

McCALL'S ON PARADE

Join the Red Cross

In the October McCALL's, Miss Florence M. Marshall, who has been put at the head of the woman's advisory committee of the National Red Cross, will outline to the women of the country the great need of the Red Cross for their help. She will tell the plans she has made for an organization of women reaching from the great cities to the isolated farmhouse, and will explain in detail the program of work that this will set in motion. This important article by Miss Marshall is addressed to every one of you. Be sure that you don't let it escape you.

Doing Their Bit

Thousands of eager and interested letters have come in to the magazine office in answer to the information we asked for in the July McCALL's as to the war work our readers were doing, and in the October magazine some of the most significant ones will be published. Significant is the right word, for all the letters tell of work conceived of and carried out in such spirited fashion by the authors or their clubs or their communities that they would turn a born pessimist into an optimist. Be sure to watch for them. Your own letter may be among them. In any case, every letter will be rich with adaptable suggestions.

The Woman's War

Thrift and Food Conservation do not mean starvation. They stand simply for reasonable economy and avoidance of waste in the home. Cooperating with the government, and utilizing the services of special food experts, the October McCALL's goes a step further in the crusade.

Red, White, and Blue Entertaining

During these war times, it is only natural that any festivity in home, church, or club, whether for entertainment alone, or money-making, will lose much of its attraction without a patriotic flavor. We have planned, for October, a number of unusual and inexpensive novelties in the colors of Old Glory. You will find yourself turning to these not only for that Hallowe'en entertainment, but for entertainments all through the year.

Everybody's Knitting

Mothers and big sisters and little sisters have shouldered their knitting "arms" and are proudly and deftly "doing their bit." In next month's McCALL's, we will discuss the knitting needs of the nation, and will open our new recruiting bureau. Upon receipt of her pledge, each knitting aide will receive specific directions and all necessary instructions. Don't be a slacker!

GOOD THINGS COMING

If you like good stories, stories with a buoyant thrill to them, and there are few of us, I imagine, who can resist succumbing to a temptation like that, read the October McCALL's. Amanda Hall, whose story, *Silver Slippers*, is announced for that month, has a constantly growing list of starred published stories after her name. Probably her ability to impress the reader with her own conviction that life is rich and full of possibilities accounts in a measure for her popularity.

The Beloved Thorn, by Josephine Underwood Munford, an English author of prominence, is another story you will like. We could tell you something about it, but the title is so happily chosen and so provocative of interest that we shall leave it at that.

Lilian Ducey, who is appearing in October with a story, *His Wife*, is a writer you already know well, and whose sympathy with, and understanding of, human weaknesses you have long appreciated, judging from your letters. Mrs. Ducey writes a love story occasionally, but when left to her own devices it is always to the more complex adjustments of married life that she turns, as she has in *His Wife*.

For that matter, we never have room enough to tell in one magazine about all the vital interests that are to be touched on in the next one, and, incidentally, the first article in the automobile series, *My Car*, by Harry Van Emden, which was announced for September, has had to be postponed, because of lack of room, to October.

Your fall wardrobe will, of course, play an important part in the October magazine, too. In the millinery lesson, *Hats for the Matron*, are to be the feature.

Then, there's "*Good Taste in Floor Coverings*," the next instalment in our *Planning the Home Beautiful* series. This is an important phase of home furnishing and will help you to a solution of your own problem. So far as that goes, "Help" or "Service" is the word we always like to think of in connection with McCALL's. The editors of all our departments are in close touch with every source of information connected with their work, and consider it a compliment whenever one of our readers writes them. Thousands of you, of course, already have the habit of writing to us when in a difficulty, but our facilities are here for the whole million and a quarter of you. Make use of us.



FRUIT RECEIPTS FOR AUTUMN

By OUR CONTRIBUTORS

PLUM JELLY.—Wash, quarter, and core, but do not peel, one peck of ordinary sour apples. Put into preserving kettle, and add one-quarter peck of blue or red plums, washed, quartered, and pitted. Cover with water, and boil until soft, then drain well in jelly-bag, but do not squeeze. For each pint of juice, measure out two cupfuls of sugar and put in the oven to warm. Put the juice on the stove and boil for twenty minutes; then add the warm sugar, and boil five minutes longer. Fill your jelly glasses, and seal. This gives a jelly which has all the flavor of real plum jelly at about half the expense.

PEAR PRESERVES.—Cut four pounds of pears into long, slender pieces and remove cores; add three lemons which have been sliced thin and then cut into small pieces, two pounds of sugar and one pound of Canton root ginger which has been shredded. Mix all well, and let stand for twelve hours; then cook over slow fire for three hours, stirring frequently. Fill fruit jars, and seal. This receipt received first prize at a county fair held at Little Rock, Arkansas. It makes a palatable as well as economical dessert.

PEAR ICE CREAM.—Rub ripe pears through a sieve and to one quart of the pulp add the whipped white of one egg, and one pint of rich milk or cream. Sugar and flavor to taste, pour into the freezing-can or mold, churn in the usual way, pack tight and set aside.

PEAR SALAD.—Peel, halve, and carefully core ripe, mellow pears, and set them in a cold place. Make a dressing of the yolks of three eggs beaten very light, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-fourth teaspoonful of white ginger. Beat thoroughly and add the juice of two lemons. Pour it over the pears, and set the mixture on ice for an hour before serving. This makes a delicious dessert.

PINEAPPLE SYRUP.—Instead of throwing away the skins, cores, and parings, when putting up pineapple preserves last spring, I boiled all together in sufficient water to cover them until the juice was extracted. I then strained the mass, added sugar equal to half the weight, boiled it again, bottled, and sealed it. Equal parts of this syrup and lime-juice make one of the most delicious and wholesome hot-weather drinks imaginable. When making mincemeat last fall, I added a bottle of the pineapple syrup to the ingredients, and found that it gave a richness and flavor that was praised by all who tasted the mincemeat.



Wanted Now

A Hundred Million Dishes of Puffed Wheat and Rice

Today, as we write this, we have urgent orders for 100 million dishes of Puffed Grains. Yet our mills have been running night and day for months.

This is a Puffed Grain summer. Wherever you go, morning, noon and night, the favorite food is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice—millions of dishes per day.

Because people are coming to whole-grain foods, and they want them made wholly digestible.

That means Puffed Grains—grains steam exploded, with every food cell broken. Grains toasted in a fearful heat. Then shot from guns—puffed to eight times normal size.

Prof. Anderson's process makes whole grains like confections. It makes thin, flavory bubbles, much like airy nut meats.

But it also makes them scientific foods, of which every atom feeds. Never before was wheat, rice or corn so fitted for food as in Puffed Grains.

Puffed Grains are served at every meal, between meals and at bedtime. They so easily digest that millions of mothers make them the night dish. Also the play-time foods.

**Puffed Puffed
Wheat Rice
and Corn Puffs**
Each 15c, Except in Far West

Every ounce is an ounce of clear nutrition, fitted for quick, complete digestion. Yet the grains seem like confections. Keep all three kinds on hand.



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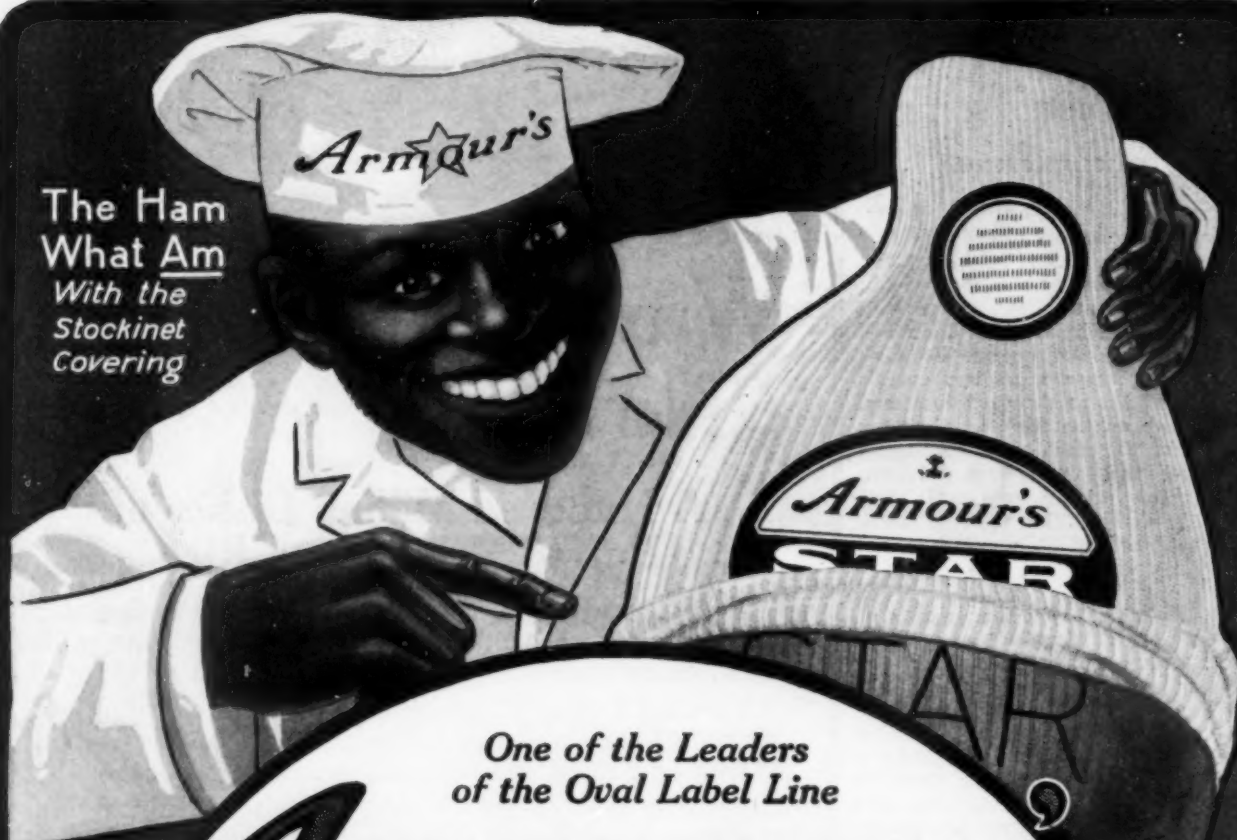
Noon or Night, Like Airy Bubbles in a Bowl of Milk

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1631)

The Ham
What Am
With the
Stockinet
Covering



One of the Leaders
of the Oval Label Line

Armour's STAR HAM

The Stockinet Covering conserves the rich natural juices and *intensifies* the fine flavor that has made Armour's Star Ham famous.

Star Ham is smoked, shipped and delivered to you in the Stockinet Covering. Rolled back as you use it, the Stockinet keeps the ham moist, sweet and tender to the last slice.

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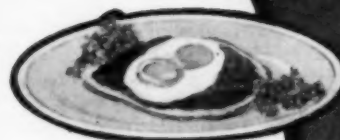
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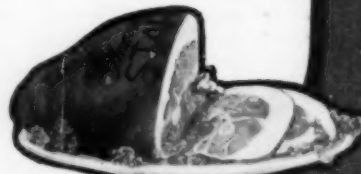


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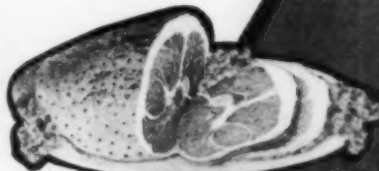
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Fried for Breakfast



*Bottled, sliced cold
for Luncheon*



*Baked for
Dinner*



M^cCALL'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER

1917

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

I READ somewhere the other day of the experiences of a young American who had gone to the front in France as an ambulance driver and who was recording the psychological stages through which he had

passed. First, since he was young, it was the Big Adventure; next came a feeling of thorough exasperation with this monster, war, that prevented all normal human activities, and, finally, descended upon him a suffocating boredom with the drudgery and dirt and misery of it all. Probably few of the women in America will experience that first reaction of his, but all of us inevitably will know completely the second and third stages. Yet, despite this burden that is coming to us, there is an angle of the war that, curiously, may mean freedom for us, emancipation from the fetters that women as a sex have tightened around themselves, the fetters of a life bounded solely by personal relationships, a life without a goal outside itself.

For a Sane Viewpoint

THERE are exceptions to all rules, but nine out of every ten women go to school a certain number of years, wait a certain number of months or years for a husband, working or playing casually in the meantime, and then marry, immediately sitting back and proclaiming by their attitude and the absence of any further initiative that life expects no greater achievement of them. If they have children, they become all "mother;" if they have no children, they focus their whole attention on their husbands or their houses or their playing; in any case, the result is the same. They are not giving themselves a real opportunity to grow; they are depriving their community of the value of whatever quality makes them individuals; and they are deliberately inviting life with its pains to master them—all this not because of a particular sequence of events, but because they voluntarily limit their contribution to society to their share in the sequence.

What every woman should have for her own well-being as well as for the well-being of society is an impersonal interest, an interest wholly irrelevant to the personal fortunes or affections of any of her loved ones, just as a man has. She needs it for her sanity of outlook, as a weapon to protect herself from annihilation by the personal tragedies that come to everyone some time or other. This eulogy makes an impersonal interest sound almost like the royal way to success, but, for that matter, acquiring it is one of the cut-and-dried rules leading to the philosophical acceptance of life that in youth we all turn every corner to find.

War a Leveler of Barriers

BY an impersonal interest I don't mean necessarily work outside the home to bring in money, especially since the average woman's days are almost entirely filled with the routine details of housework and a family, but a movement toward a goal whose progress one directs, or aids, or watches with bated breath. The interest need not be world-compelling in its scope to be effective for the person who holds it; it must merely be engrossing. That is the one essential quality. It need not be anything that occupies hours of one's time; but it must be something vital enough to the individual to make her hold her breath over it.

Outside interests, however, have to be sought just as does every other worth-while thing, they don't come at bidding. They sometimes even demand imagination in the seeker before they allow themselves to be caught—a forbidding reservation. The war, however, is a mighty leveler of barriers. It illumines needs until no imagination is required. It stands in front of us, despite its horrors, as a vast fund of impersonal interests, and there is no corner in the United States so remote that the echo of its demand for action will not reach.

A New Vista

MAKE a survey of the people around you and discover if the woman who is enthusiastic over some interest outside her family circle, no matter how small the amount of time she spends on it, does not seem twice the person as the woman completely buried under her personal relationships. Apply the test to yourself, and if the results are not pleasing, perhaps, then, for you, too, the war will open up new vistas.

THE ETERNAL PRIVILEGE

By NANCY GUNTER BOYKIN

Illustrated by FREDERIC ANDERSON



HE new hangings, Herbert, you haven't seen them!" Violet Channing caught her husband by the arm as he was making his usual after-luncheon dash for the office. Willingly enough, Herbert Channing followed her into their charming sitting-room.

"I wouldn't have known it!" he cried in surprise; "but, Violet, wasn't it pretty enough before?"

"Oh! we couldn't keep that old cream color scheme," Violet pouted. "Everybody in town has cream walls and mission furniture. This is French gray, Herbert. The very newest thing."

Herbert looked at the sunny room. Violet was right; it was vastly improved. The cool, gray walls, the delicate blue of the hangings, the burnished glint of old brass, with here and there a bit of blue pottery, adding a needed touch of color, gave as exquisite an ensemble as any matron in Wayneville could desire. Herbert knew it was perfect, with its order, and harmony, and uncrowded spacing. Everything that Violet planned always was perfect and yet, as he looked at it, there suddenly flashed across his mind a vision of his sister Maud's home; of Maud's worn, tumbled, disorderly sitting-room, with its comfortable chairs always littered with the children's books and playthings. Violet's room was prettier. Anyone would admit that; yet, to Channing, it lacked something.

"It's wonderful, Violet!" he told her admiringly. "Whatever you do is wonderful! But, Madonna," and, impulsively, he crossed the room and threw his arms about her, "shouldn't we begin to save for the kiddies?"

Violet drew back, a slight expression of annoyance crossing her radiant face. Would he never get over it?

"Oh, Herbert, we must think of your career. We have to go with the right people, if you are to work for the right people. Why, Herbert"—she caught his sleeve enthusiastically—"do you know I've almost won over old Mrs. Porterfield? And old Dr. Grines is bound to retire soon. How would you like to be family physician for the De LaRue Porterfields?"

Herbert laughed, but not so gaily. "It's sweet of you, Madonna, dear, and unselfish of you to give up what women think most of for the sake of my career. But, darling, it isn't necessary. We have enough now, even without the De LaRue Porterfields."

Violet shook her head stubbornly. "You are the finest physician in Wayneville, Herbert Channing, the best trained, and the most sincere in your profession. You know it, and I know it. I sha'n't be satisfied until all Wayneville knows it."

Herbert Channing looked at her as he always looked at Violet, with love, and something more than love—a deep, revering adoration. She was so sweet, and vital, and feminine, such a gracious type of womanhood; and, standing there in her soft blue gown, she reminded him of the Virgin Mothers painted on the walls of the little Italian churches they had visited on their honeymoon, save that she was infinitely lovelier.

There was only one thing needed to make the picture complete. Violet was created for motherhood—that was clear to be seen; but, with woman's eternal self-sacrifice, she had put all that behind her—for the sake of his career. It humbled him while it filled him with pride, it kept him



SHE SWUNG HER TENNIS RACQUET FOR THE SHEER JOY OF MOVEMENT

forever marveling at the strength of woman's love. Still, in his heart of hearts, Herbert Channing longed for the day when his dream-picture would be complete, when Violet would hold his child in her arms.

"You know best, Madonna," he cried. "But don't give up too much for me. I'm not worth it."

WHEN Herbert was gone to the office, Violet Channing began hastily dressing for an afternoon at the country club. Her usually serene expression was troubled by a faint tinge of irritation, for, recently, Herbert had harped more than ever on the subject of children, and Violet did not want children. She adored her husband, their life together was flawless; and, to Violet, children meant disordered rooms, care-worn parents, and molasses on the door-knobs. She had been raised by an older sister, Harriet, who had often described the horrors of their mother's home, which Violet, as the youngest of ten, did not remember. There were no children in Harriet's handsome, substantial Wayneville dwelling. All of Harriet's maternal instincts had been satisfied in caring for the little sister, Violet, and she had carefully instilled in Violet her own doctrine that large families were only for the vastly wealthy, or the wilfully extravagant. Violet had never been thrown with children, and she had observed that they were conspicuously lacking in Mrs. Porterfield's gilt-edged set. Her life, she felt, was complete as it was. What woman could fail to be satisfied with a universally respected and unfailingly prosperous young physician like Herbert; with an adorable home like their little nest, set well within the boundaries of the most fashionable section; with a social position which, under her tactful, clever guidance, was fast becoming securely anchored in the very front ranks?

When Violet set out for the club, she found it was a wonderful spring day, with clouds piled high above, and a freshness in the air that brought a tingling response from her abounding vitality. She swung her tennis racquet for the sheer joy of movement, and, as Herbert had taken their little electric, decided to leave the street-car and cut across the fields to the club.

The grass was high on either side of the narrow path, and the fields were deserted, save for a tumbled-down,

dreary hovel, its one window barred, its mud chimney long gone to wreck. Violet scarcely noticed this deserted and forlorn blot on the landscape. Even the path turned away as if to avoid it, but, as she went singing by, she was suddenly stopped by a sound, a smothered, human cry. Surely it came from the hovel, and yet, as surely, the hovel was long since abandoned? For a moment, Violet paused, tempted to continue her way; but, again, she was arrested by that thin, unhappy wail. Pushing aside the tall grasses with her tennis racquet, Violet made her way to the cabin. The worm-eaten wooden door was barred and nailed fast, but there, by the sunken steps, lay a bundle; and from this bundle of tattered rags, came the weak, protesting cry.

Violet bent over and gingerly touched the filthy rags with her tennis racquet, a shudder of repulsion passing through her as she did so. A baby lay there by the steps, a very dirty, crumpled, red baby, and it was this mite of humanity which uttered that persistent complaint.

Violet stared at the baby in complete bewilderment. At first, she decided the cabin must have an occupant, but a number of resounding knocks on the door assured her that no one was there. She walked around the hovel, but could find no signs of life, no trace of any living human being. Then it flashed across her that the little scrap of life that lay by the cabin steps was a deserted child, one of those undesired waifs who find no welcome on their arrival in a cold, prosaic world.

Violet was puzzled as to what she should do. Probably the person who left the child by the cabin door knew that stragglers to the country club were apt to pass that way; but Violet Channing had no intention of appearing among her friends at the club bearing this tattered, dingy burden. She would report the case to the "authorities," the "authorities" being, as Violet vaguely considered, persons who came when the plumbing was bad, or there were mad dogs in the back yard. On second thought, however, she decided to turn to that pillar of refuge, her husband. She would go on to the club, call up Herbert, and so shift the whole responsibility to those broad and willing shoulders.

At the club, Violet's arrival proved the signal for a general chorus of approval. A swarm of tennis players and golfers surrounded her with news of the tournaments.

"But I must telephone Herbert," Violet protested, laughingly trying to tear herself away.

MRS. Porterfield, large, domineering and beautifully upholstered in the handsomest of gowns, swept upon the scene. "Now Herbert Channing sees you every day, my dear, and there's really no need to call him up the minute you reach the club. Come over here and help me plan for my little dance in May."

Violet had heard rumors of the costume dance with which Mrs. Porterfield was to close a winter of tireless social activity, but so far she had been left on tenter-hooks as to whether she and Herbert were to be "among those present." To be overlooked would be social calamity; so Violet was determined that she and Herbert must be found among the exclusive guests at Mrs. Porterfield's that evening. Here was an opportunity to distinguish herself!

This was her opportunity! Violet forgot to telephone her husband, forgot all about the child in the fields, and,

smiling happily, locked her arm in that of the older matron and busily began with clever suggestions for the May-pole dance. They were deep in the intricacies of flower costumes, when a clap of thunder brought Violet to her feet with a start. There was a stampede from the golf fields and tennis courts, as the players fled before a heavy-soaking summer rain.

"I forgot—" Violet was white as a sheet, "I forgot to telephone Herbert!"

Mrs. Porterfield's pudgy, bejeweled fingers closed over her arm. "My dear child, how silly! You can't use the telephone in a thunder storm;" but Violet tore herself away, and a few minutes later, was making her hurried confession to Herbert.

THERE'S a baby * * * yes, a little baby * * * And, oh, Herbert, it's out in the rain by that old cabin in the Masons' fields. * * * Yes, I saw it as I came by. * * * Why didn't I tell you sooner? * * * It was this way, Herbert, you know * * * Herbert, however, had gone, and Violet had not had to answer that barbed question: "Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

Violet went back to the lounging-room, and tried to thaw out the coolness which had developed in Mrs. Porterfield's neighborhood. Someone suggested indoor games, and, before long, the club was in an uproar of noisy good fellowship; but outside there was a beating, pouring rain, and it seemed to Violet that it kept reiterating Herbert's question—"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" She knew she would have to answer that question sooner or later. She knew it would take a vast deal of explaining to make Herbert see it her way, a vast deal of coaxing to win the warmth back to Herbert's tones. Finally she could bear it no longer. She must see Herbert at once and get it over.

Without a word to anyone, she slipped away from the jovial crowd, and, leaving the club by a side door, ran down the tree-covered path that led to the car-line. When she reached the house, the look on the maid's face as she answered the door told her that something had disturbed the perfect peace of her well-regulated household. Violet pushed by Ninette, who was inclined to talk, and, hearing sounds in the living-room, thrust aside the curtains.

The room was an unrecognizable chaos. Her freshly upholstered sofa had been drawn before the fire, and on it lay the little waif, while a dark stream of some medical decoction dripped down in stains on the sofa and rugs.

Violet scarcely noticed the wreckage of her carefully planned room. She was looking at her husband's face. Herbert was leaning over the baby, his whole attitude one tense pose of anxiety.

"Thank God, you've come!" he cried on seeing her. "Ninette is an absolute dummy—about as useful in an emergency like this as a French poodle would be. I have called for Edith Brangan—one of the nurses at the Wayneville hospital—"and

she is on her way now. Hold the child, Violet, while I try to get something warm between its lips."

Picking up the baby, he thrust it toward Violet. Now Violet, in all her life, had never held so young a child. She was mortally afraid of this little slippery, squirmy mite, with its filthy rags, and its jelly-like tendency to fall to

LOVE'S SIMPLICITY

By HARRY KEMP

LOVE will come to me
With banners in the sky,
And he'll wear purple robes
As when a king goes by.

I'll open wide my door;
My servants, without rest,
Will hang my house with wreaths
To greet so great a guest.

I'll wait for him by day,
I'll watch for him by night,
Until his golden pomp
Comes down my vistaed sight!

And so, while I kept watch,
Before my thought could guess—
He passed into my heart
With utter simpleness.





VIOLET REALIZED THAT SHE WAS DISMISSED

pieces in her hands. For Herbert's sake, she made a frantic effort to hold it naturally, but she could not, simply could not, carry out the bluff. The baby flopped over her arm and its little head fell back as if about to part from the little spineless body. Herbert, about to administer some warm drops, stopped and looked at his wife. His tone was sternly impatient.

"Madonna," he protested, "hold him still."

Violet seized the baby in a desperate clutch, but, with one of those unforeseen acrobatic squirms, it fell in the opposite direction. Then Herbert understood. For an instant he forgot the baby, and, with a set white face, stood staring at his wife. He saw now why Violet had sacrificed her maternal love to his career so readily and uncomplainingly, saw now that his Madonna knew nothing about children and cared less, saw now why there were no babies in the perfect Channing household.

"Violet," and to Violet it seemed as if every word cut like a knife, "if you knew that the child was there, why didn't you call me up sooner?"

She had known that question must come, had known that she could not evade it and, on her way from the club, Violet's mind had been busily arranging a thousand persuasive answers.

"Why, you see, Herbert, it was this way: Mrs. Porterfield—"

"Never mind Mrs. Porterfield," cried Herbert Channing. "Why didn't you call me up sooner?"

Violet knew there was no evading now. Herbert would have the truth, and nothing but the truth.

"I forgot it," she murmured faintly, "just for a few minutes, Herbert."

"Forgot a baby—out there in the fields!"

He looked as if he could not comprehend it. Then he snatched the child from her arms, and turned to lay it once more on the couch; but, at that moment, the door opened and Edith Brangan, calm, serene and capable, entered the room. Herbert Channing gave a sigh of relief. Violet saw his face light up as he placed the baby in those efficient hands.

"A poor little waif," he explained hurriedly, "out in the rain, too, Nurse. It looks like a case of pneumonia. We will have to see what we can do."

Violet realized that she was dismissed. Like Ninette, she had proved herself "an absolute dummy." From a curtained alcove in the room, she watched her husband and Nurse Brangan as they cut the rags from the child and made him more comfortable in some dainty negligees Herbert had snatched from her boudoir. The afternoon deepened into night, and still the two worked before the fireplace. Violet had never seen her husband on a case before. Now she realized that, in his working hours, Herbert did

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THE GREAT IDEA

By REBECCA HOOPER EASTMAN

Illustrated by ARTHUR O. SCOTT

THE family having stood it as long as they could, fourteen-year-old Timothy snapped the taut atmosphere by inquiring, at the moment when it would divert attention from the fact that he had just helped himself to his third sliver of apple pie, "For Pete's sake, what's the matter, Janet?"

Everyone looked apprehensively at the pretty daughter of the house; everyone metaphorically turned up his coat collar and unfastened his umbrella—ready for the storm. For, all through the meal, Janet's attitude had been unmistakably indicative of a coming hurricane. Timothy's unfeeling question, however, served simply to render more ominous the silence of the young cyclonic person.

"Don't sit there looking like forty funerals," remonstrated her father, in his very best cross tone. "What do you want now?"

After relieving her pent-up feelings with a sigh, the martyr was able to say: "There's no use—no use at all in talking about it. It is something—something that can't be helped."

Despite this dire prediction, her mother inquired, "New dress?" in the same breath that her father asked "New hat?"

"It isn't anything."

"Janet," said Mrs. Sheldon, with pseudo calm, but quite firmly, "I want you to tell me what the matter is, and stop stirring the family all up. If it's something that your father and I can get for you, you shall have it. And if it is something you can't have, the sooner you get over wanting it, the better."

The propitious moment having arrived, Janet, unfortunately, was at the same time overcome with the emotional cloudburst which had been so long imminent. In one and the same breath, therefore, she sobbed and confessed: "Furs!"

The family grinned quietly. It would have liked to laugh aloud, but it was too considerate. Janet wept into her handkerchief awhile in silence, and then sputtered out anew. "New furs!" continued the lorn one, "not old, duddy raccoon furs, such as every one has; but—but—but—lovely, new, bewildering, ravishingly becoming—furs!"

THE public recital of her forgivable desires was quite too much for the young lady. She rose stormily from the table, and ran sobbing up-stairs to throw herself on her best bedspread. Taking advantage of her dramatic exit, Timmy, who should have gone to study his lessons, slid out of the door in her wake, and hid himself stealthily to the laundry, where he was building a new flying machine. In this he expected to sail away some night, soon, and have an exciting time, for once.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon were thus left alone over their coffee, in a room that fairly ached with silence.

"Would fifty dollars be enough?" inquired Mr. Sheldon, at last.

"It's all she ought to be allowed to pay for them," said his wife.

"How long since you had any new furs?"

"My Persian lamb is just as good as it ever was."

"Those furs of yours are the greatest examples of longevity I ever heard of." He took out his bill-fold, and from it drew two perfectly new twenty dollar bills and one ten. These bills he shoved across the table half-proudly, half-bashfully. "You give it to her," he said.

Mrs. Sheldon took the money almost reverently. Suddenly she looked up, and fixed accusing eyes on her husband: "You were going to get yourself a new overcoat."

"My overcoat is quite as hardy a perennial as your won't-wear-out furs."

"If only we don't make Janet selfish."

"She'll get over this phase," defended her father.

"There's more to it than a phase. Last night, when she came in from her dancing party—" Instead of finishing the sentence, Mrs. Sheldon rose, closed the dining-room door, and then whispered: "Much as I dislike the idea, it has occurred to me, more than once, that she really cares about Paul Merrill."

Mr. Sheldon jerked up from the table and looked pugilistic. The joy of fatherdom, and of donating the fifty dollars vanished.

"Young Merrill's all right—unless he wants Janet. If he does, I could cheerfully bury him in the coal bin."

"We've had her twenty years."

"Twenty minutes, it seems to me. Well * * * run along with the fifty."

AT the welcome sound of her mother's tap on the door, a tear-stained, and somewhat embarrassed Janet rose, opened the door, kissed her mother, and then remarked:

"I am a beast. I'm so horrid and selfish. That's partly why I've been crying so. Last night, at dinner, I said the raccoon furs I got year before last were just as good as ever, and I was satisfied with them. And now they look simply disreputable." She marched to the closet, took them down, and, putting them on, gazed at herself in the glass. "I'm a perfect sight!" she declared, dumping them on the bed. "But don't try to get me any new furs. I'll go without them, this winter."

With a very delighted smile, Mrs. Sheldon produced the crisp bills. "A present from a gentleman who admires you very much," she said.

Janet's eyes again filled with tears; happy tears this time, though somewhat ashamed and contrite tears. "Why, I never before had—fifty—dollars—for—anything!" She said. "Father ought not to have done it."

She flew down-stairs like a flash. When Mrs. Sheldon found them, Janet was seated on the arm of her father's chair with her warm, wet cheek pressed close against his.

"You are the dearest, dearest, dearest—" Language—even reiterated superlatives—proving too inexpressive, Janet thanked him with a series of pleasantly violent hugs. Fearing that he would show her how much he loved her, Sheldon finally shoved her aside with gruff remarks about not being bothered when he wanted to read. To see, Janet pleased was more to him than anything material, such as a new overcoat, he decided.

Coincidentally, that day at lunch time, a tactless gentleman had said to him, "Frankly, Sheldon, you ought to blow yourself to a new overcoat. You look down-and-out. I know where you could get a dandy coat for only fifty dollars, if you bought it within the next two days."

Lured principally by the thought of keeping his spare frame warm, even on the coldest days, Sheldon had drawn out the requisite fifty dollars that afternoon, with the intention of getting a coat the next morning. It always seemed to be that way, when he drew out money to use for himself: somebody else in the family needed it far more than he did. But he had stood the cold through other winters. A sweater underneath, on the most biting days, would keep his spine in bearable shape. No matter if the top-coat was fraying in one or two places.

"Will you go with me, Mother, to buy my new furs?" the now radiant Janet was asking.

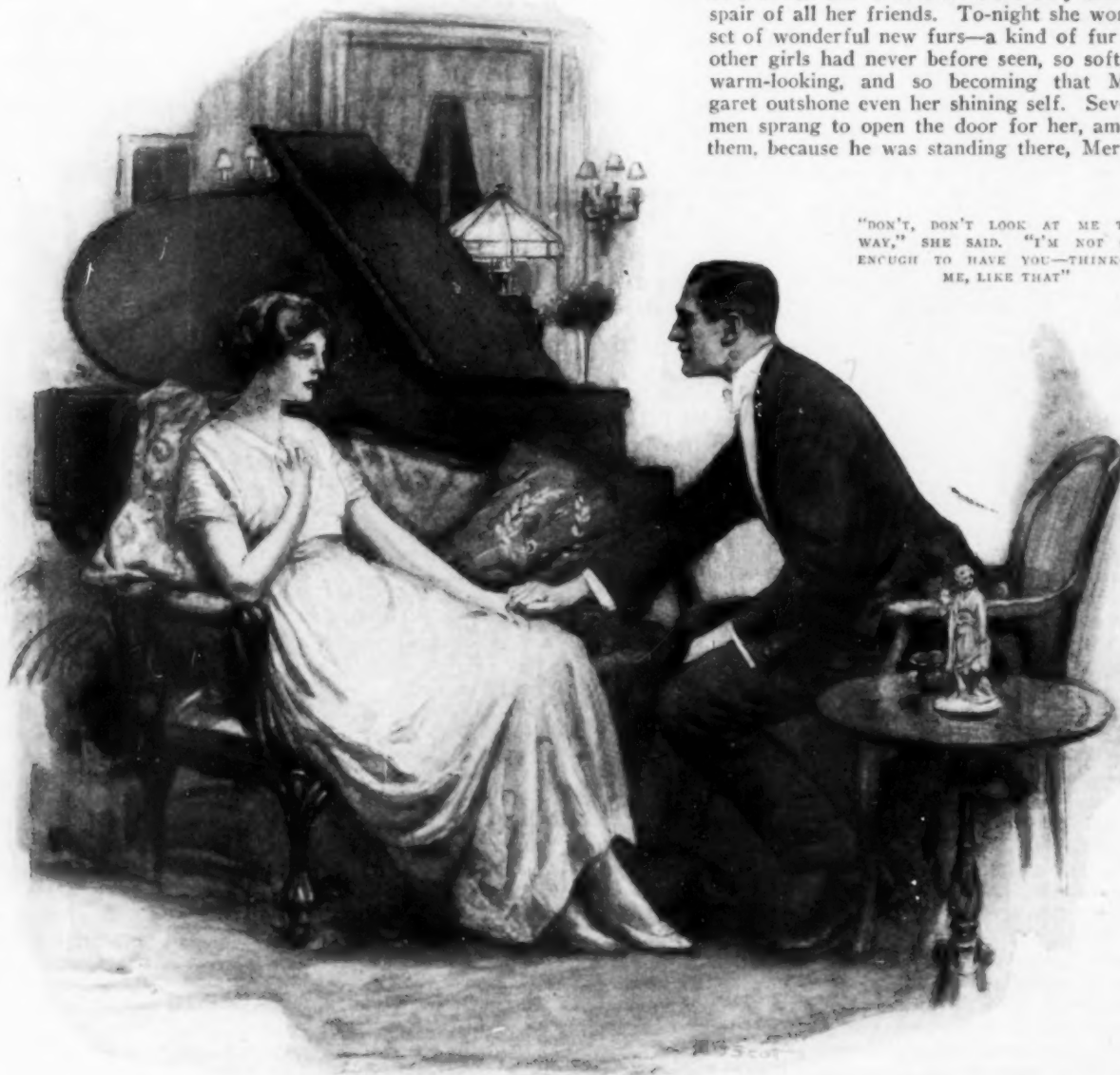
Mrs. Sheldon, not feeling equal to the momentous shopping expedition, Janet's most intimate friend, Bella, was

asked, over the telephone, to go. Miss Applebay was highly honored, she said, and would meet Janet down town at nine o'clock the following morning.

When a woman is unduly anxious for some new article of apparel, there is always something back of the desire—some deeper, more important object to attain. That night, when Janet went to bed, she put under her beruffled pillow a little picture in an oval frame. Although she handled it shyly, and as if it were of fabulous value, it was only a snap-shot in a frame which could be duplicated anywhere for fifty cents. Even a disinterested person would have

world with those unequivocating eyes. The subject of both these pictures was, of course, the young Paul Merrill, on whose life Mr. Sheldon had such awful designs.

Only the night before, this same Paul Merrill had sent Janet into ecstasy by asking her if she didn't think it would be fun to walk home from the early dance, instead of going in the Orchard's opera 'bus, as usual. As he stood waiting, while, with trembling fingers, she fastened her gloves, Margaret Orchard passed them on her way out. Besides being an unmistakable beauty, and having all that money could buy, Margaret was delightfully unspoiled, and shared everything she had with the generosity of a child. Her frocks were the envy and despair of all her friends. To-night she wore a set of wonderful new furs—a kind of fur the other girls had never before seen, so soft, so warm-looking, and so becoming that Margaret outshone even her shining self. Several men sprang to open the door for her, among them, because he was standing there, Merrill.



admitted, however, that it was an artistic picture. The very jolly young man in tennis regalia had been caught on the fly as he jumped to return his opponent's ball. Both his feet were off the ground, and he looked so wonderfully poised, so full of life, and so happy, that it did one good just to look at him. Janet felt more at ease with the snap-shot than she did with the photograph which stood on her bureau. In the professional photograph, the same boyish young man was looking straight out at her, with that crystal-clear honesty in his eyes which always made her think of him as a sort of grown-up Robert Louis Stevenson child. Sometimes, and particularly to-night, Janet felt, indescribably, that she was not good enough to live in the same

Janet, walking along the quiet moonlit street with Paul, felt like a peasant after the Princess has just gone by.

"What kind of furs were those, Janet?" asked Paul, his voice a little husky with admiration.

"I—I don't know," the miserable Janet answered, feeling more lowly than ever. If she could have glibly named the furs and dismissed them that way, she wouldn't have felt so badly.

Poor Janet was unaware that Margaret's loveliness could never make Paul care for her; she didn't realize that it was his worship for beauty in any form which he had just given voice to. And neither Paul nor Janet realized that the girl with whom he was falling rapidly in love was

the dear, shabby one—who walked at his side: the humbled, unimportant creature in the duddy raccoon furs.

"Babies a year old have their corduroy coats trimmed with—raccoon," thought Janet. And, at that moment, within her, was born the fierce desire to try and look as lovely as Margaret. What chance, what earthly chance had she to make Paul care for her in—raccoon? Her mother and father loved her, of course, no matter what she wore; and she mistakenly thought that a man's love was different.

By the crafty Miss Applebay's advice, she and Janet betook themselves, at once, to the most expensive and fashionable furrier's in New York. Here Janet, well coached, endeavored to look laden down with wealth, and tried on the costliest furs in the establishment. At last, after having seen and asked the price of everything, the wicked pair withdrew, saying they would be back next day.

NOW that we know what is being worn, we can be guided in our choice of furs at a department store," said Bella, energetically, over a club sandwich. "That six hundred and fifty dollar set, like Margaret Orchard's, looked fine on you, didn't it?" Bella added, quite innocently.

After luncheon, however, the zest of buying furs was gone. This was due to the strange fact that nothing could be had in department stores, for fifty dollars, which looked at all enticing, after the first saleslady's wares.

"We are so dead we can't like anything, now," said the faithful Bella at five o'clock. "Let's get here early tomorrow morning."

After the fatal hours at the best furrier's, however, nothing, anywhere, in the way of fifty-dollar furs pleased the exacting pair on the next day, or the next, or the next.

"Haven't you got some nice old furs I could remodel for you?" one polite dealer questioned.

"Grandmother Sheldon left me her mink coat," Janet said to Bella. "But it's all tumbling to pieces. We'll look at it though when we get home." They soon discovered, however, that the once-fine coat was so tender with age that you could put your finger through it, anywhere.

"It's too bad," sympathized Bella, whose devotion was unswerving. "What makes it all the worse is that I heard of a woman, just last night, who will come to one's house and make over furs for almost nothing. She used to work for that wonderful place where the Orchards got theirs."

"Bought your furs?" inquired Mr. Sheldon fondly, every night.

"Not yet, but I'm having great fun shopping," Janet would answer, with just a hint of sarcasm.

At last, one morning, just as Mr. Sheldon was leaving, the truth accidentally leaked out. Fifty dollars was not enough for the sort of furs Janet really ought to have.

It being a biting morning, Mr. Sheldon put on his sweater and turned up his coat collar around his ears. As he went down the steps, and faced the north wind, he knew that the reason his teeth began to chatter so much sooner than usual was because the spirit within him was cold. The sacrifice which he had made so cheerfully had done no good.

The moment that he had closed the front door behind him, after kissing Janet and her mother good-by, Mrs. Sheldon turned and faced her daughter with an expression that startled the girl.

"Your father didn't want you to know it," she said, "but he is going without a new overcoat this year to give you the money for your furs."

Even if Mrs. Sheldon hadn't gone directly up-stairs on a bed-making expedition, Janet couldn't have replied. A sick sort of shudder went through her. Walking to the window, she threw it open, and leaned out to breathe the good, cold air. Her father had just reached the corner, and was stopping to shake hands cordially with some one. It was Bella, coming, indefatigably, to shop with her once more. Janet put down the window, and rushed to get her things.

"Good-by, Mother," she called. "If you'll excuse me from the beds once more, I'd like to go shopping." She felt as if she would rather not look at her mother—just now.

They shopped in large, cheap stores, in small, cheap stores, in chic, inexpensive shops, and smart, expensive shops, but Janet hardly realized what was being shown to her. In the sudden revulsion of feeling, she was scourging herself into the belief that she was unworthy to walk the earth, so mean, so self-centered was she.

"Good-by, Bella," she said at four o'clock. "I think that I'll give the whole thing up. Perhaps I'll wait for the mark-downs. You—you've been a saint."

"Not a bit! I love to look," said Bella. "And I'll watch the papers for bargains, too." And she disappeared, smilingly, into the subway.

Janet had decided to walk up-town. It was a good two miles, and in those good two miles perhaps things would straighten themselves out a bit. Perhaps that voice inside that kept saying, "Your father isn't very strong—the last time he was examined for life insurance, you know what you overheard him telling your mother." And other voices answered saying, "He never would let you give up the fifty. He wouldn't take it; so why not buy the set you saw reduced, yesterday, from seventy-five? Of course, they aren't what you want, but they were becoming."

Thus Janet's mind carried on an endless dialogue, and the two good miles saw her no better off. And then, as she turned into her home street, the rapid steps that were coming behind her overtook her, and did not pass her by, but walked along at her side. In the sudden joy of seeing Paul Merrill, her troubles ran and hid themselves, temporarily. What chance had her little troubles in the face of such joy? Paul seemed glad to see her, gladder than usual, even.

"Life is very full of problems," she began, feeling, now that hers had retreated, they were discussable.

"I knew you had something on your mind," said Merrill. "I've had to be around the shops a lot this week, and I've seen you and Bella Applebay darting about like a pair of hunting dogs."

"I've been looking at new furs," she said.

"What's the matter with those you're wearing?"

"Centuries old."

"Then I suppose I must prepare myself to be dazzled by the new ones, soon?"

"Oh, no. I—er have only fifty dollars, and that doesn't go far."

MERRILL stopped—actually stopped—and there, in the semi-publicity of the dusk in West Fifty-eighth Street, he put his right hand firmly on her shoulder.

"Great Scott!" he said. And then, "Janet Sheldon! what do furs cost?"

"You can get presentable ones anywhere from one hundred—up," she murmured, in the mechanical, superior tone of many of the honey-voiced clerks.

His hand fell down at his side, again, as he stood there looking her up and down, and through and through. When he looked away, with a new, rather perturbed expression on his face, the thought of her father's old coat burned Janet like a fire. She knew exactly how Merrill would feel about the injustice of it.

"What about girls who don't have fifty dollars for furs?" he asked.

"Oh, dear me, I don't know. And I wish that you wouldn't talk about it. Every one is beginning to behave as if it were wrong of me to want new furs. And it isn't, it isn't, it isn't."

They had sauntered slowly along, until they stood at the foot of her steps. Paul's eyes roamed over the front of the tiny house which was squeezed in between two more pretentious ones that looked as if they might presently elbow it out of existence. Inside, Janet's house was delightful, he knew. How such large, pleasant rooms could be contained in such a small, unpleasant exterior had perplexed him before now. His eyes left the house and fastened themselves on Janet with such a puzzled look that she smiled, and asked:

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THE NAMELESS MAN

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN

Illustrated by H. R. BALLINGER

WHAT HAS PRECEDED.—On a train bound for Washington, Dwight Tilghman is murdered by a dose of oxalic acid dissolved in brandy. Preceding the tragedy, Julian Barclay, a fellow traveler, had lent Tilghman his brandy flask, which, after the discovery of the tragedy, is nowhere to be found. Yoshido Ito, a Japanese, is suspected, but is permitted to leave. Arriving at the home of his hosts in Washington, Barclay discovers not only that one of his train companions, Professor Norcross, is also a guest, but recognizes, in Ethel Ogden, a cousin of his hosts, the original of a mysterious miniature he had found in his pocket while on the train. Immediately after Barclay has professed his love for Ethel, and she has consented to wear his jade ring, Ogden informs him that Ethel is engaged to marry James Patterson, a Representative from California. Later, Ethel receives from her mother the sketch of a hand pouring something into a cup, which the latter had seen against a train window in the train-shed at Atlanta, on the day of the Tilghman murder. The ring on one of the fingers of the pictured hand, is, unmistakably, Barclay's. At midnight, Ethel sees Barclay placing something in a jar on the hall mantel, which proves, on investigation, to be a miniature of herself, in a gown she never possessed. Presently, Norcross joins her, and together they see Barclay climb out of a window, and then hear him say: "Ito, I have no more money to spare." The next day, Barclay informs the Ogdens that their home was broken into by burglars. Patterson has been trying to influence Ethel against Barclay, because he associates him with an unpleasant incident of the past; and then Norcross tells her he believes Barclay's part in the burglary episode connects up in some way with the Tilghman murder. Preceding a dinner at the Ogdens', Barclay sees Patterson talking with Ito, and not long after, without explanation, Patterson asks Barclay to leave town. Ethel, present, forthwith declares her faith in Barclay. At the dinner, Patterson receives a photograph, and just as Barclay catches sight of it, someone calls "Fire!" The latter, believing he sees Ito's face in a doorway, goes in search of him, while the guests flee. Ethel makes an attempt to get back into the house for her ring and the miniature, but Patterson insists upon going instead. Seeing a man crouching in a corner, Barclay shoots. A box of cartridges in a desk also become ignited and explode. The fire over, James Patterson is found dead. At the coroner's inquest, without a knowledge of Barclay's shooting, the jury decides that Patterson was killed "by a bullet fired from a thirty-two caliber revolver in the hands of a person or persons unknown."



R. PATTERSON was a man of strong friendships," Norcross was saying to the group assembled in Mrs. Ogden's drawing-room.

"And stronger enemies," finished Barclay, softly.

"True," agreed Norcross. "The Pattersons have a quarrelsome trait. Patterson's sister once told me that she always kept alive her brother's animosities."

"The hateful woman!" broke in Mrs. Ogden, with more vehemence than the occasion seemed to require, and, at her husband's quick frown, she modified her tone. "It's a wonder Henrietta Patterson didn't ruin her brother's political career."

"You knew Miss Patterson, then?" asked Barclay.

"Yes."

Barclay, for the first time that evening, addressed Ethel directly. "Did you know Miss Patterson intimately?" he inquired.

"No!" Ethel broke off her three-cornered conversation with Takasaki and Walter Ogden. "Miss Patterson was a recluse, and went very little into society. She died in Paris last winter."

Takasaki's twinkling black eyes shot from one to the other, and seizing the slight pause following Ethel's last remark, he turned to his hostess.

"My wife and I, we so sorry for the break-up of your dinner, the most delightful," he began. "We hope for your honorable presence soon with us."

Despite Takasaki's amiability, the atmosphere was pregnant with distrust. Ethel caught her breath sharply, and drew her hand across her eyes as if to dispel a disagreeable vision, and abruptly plunged into the conversation only to discover that Maru Takasaki had been patiently waiting to bid her good night. A trifle confused by her

absent-mindedness, she shook hands with Barclay by mistake. She attempted to laugh off her embarrassment, but failed miserably.

"Good night," he said, reluctantly releasing her hand. "To-morrow it will be 'good-by.'"

A moment later, Ethel's fingers closed spasmodically over Takasaki's hand, Julian Barclay leaving—and so soon! During the past few hectic days, she had imagined every eventuality except that.

"You leave now?" questioned Takasaki, not fully grasping Barclay's meaning.

"Not for a while," he answered.

As soon as Takasaki was outside the door, Barclay turned to Mrs. Ogden. "What did you mean when you suggested, just before Takasaki arrived, that I was not very communicative. What were you discussing?"

"Cabbages," retorted Ogden, whose temper was getting out of hand. The fire, Patterson's tragic death, a sleepless night, unpropitious conditions of the stock market, the developments at the inquest, had all had their effect on his surly disposition, and Barclay's urbane manner proved not only a source of annoyance, but the last straw.

CABBAGES? Very good things in their line, Ogden," answered Barclay, with unruffled good humor. "And possibly more profitable to cultivate than investing in Pacific trading ships." He turned to Norcross, apparently oblivious of Ogden's scowl. "I see by the newspapers that Japan plans to negotiate the new loan to China. Where will American interests and American invested capital be if the 'Yankees of the East' steal a march on us, as they seem to be doing, in China?"

"You talk like Patterson," complained Ogden. "Poor devil!" he added, as an afterthought. "Patterson was as rabid on the Japanese question, Norcross, as your friend, Carter Calhoun."

Norcross caught but the mention of Calhoun's name. He had intercepted a look exchanged between Ethel Ogden and Julian Barclay—a look on Barclay's part whose meaning bore but one interpretation, and which had brought a touch of color to Ethel's white cheeks. Until that moment, Ethel had ignored Barclay's proximity, her eyes and hands fully occupied with a small piece of embroidery. Professor Norcross was conscious of a growing distrust of Julian Barclay—what made him so laggard a lover; for that he worshiped Ethel was plainly to be seen, unless undesirable entanglements prevented open courtship? Suddenly aware that his stare at Barclay had become a glare of indignation, Norcross roused himself.

"Speaking of Calhoun," he remarked, "I hear he is on his way to Washington."

"The devil he is," Ogden set down his coffee cup with a bang which imperiled the Dresden china, and drew a protest from his wife. "With Calhoun around, we will never hear the end of the Japanese question."

"Is Calhoun really coming?" asked Barclay, turning with some abruptness to Norcross, "or is it simply a rumor?"

The professor's reply was not given, however, since just then Charles came to call him to the telephone.

Barclay rose. "I'm going on a last-minute shopping expedition," he announced. "Anything I can do for you, Cousin Jane?"

"Yes, stop at the druggist's and get a book of stamps." Mrs. Ogden followed the two men into the hallway, her face beaming with smiles. Barclay's abrupt announcement of his departure had not only surprised but delighted her;

and, inwardly, she hoped that Professor Norcross would follow his example. She was tired of entertaining guests, and she wanted the house to herself, the better to adjust new plans for the future.

"Come into the library, Ethel," she called, after seeing the front door close behind Barclay. "Oh, I didn't know you were just behind me," lowering her voice.

"I am on my way to bed," explained Ethel.

"Oh!" Mrs. Ogden's face fell. Having once jumped to a decision, she despised putting off action. But Ethel looked spent and weary, and, reluctantly, she gave up her plans for the evening. "Run along," she said. "I wanted you to write letters canceling my social engagements, but it doesn't matter."

Ethel was quick to detect the discontent in Mrs. Ogden's voice. "Certainly I will write them for you," she announced. "It will take no time at all."

"I have a better plan," broke in Norcross who, with Ogden, stood just behind them. "Let me write the notes at your dictation, Mrs. Ogden, and then your cousin can get the sleep she really needs."

"What's the matter with writing them yourself, Jane?" demanded Ogden. "You never developed pen paralysis until you found a secretary fashionable."

Mrs. Ogden turned her back on her husband. "Of course, Ethel must go to bed," and she smiled kindly at her. "If you will help me, Professor—"

"I shall be delighted"—Norcross looked back as he followed Mrs. Ogden and her husband into the library, to wave his hand to Ethel who waved gratefully in return as she went up the staircase.

But on reaching the bedroom floor, Ethel hesitated; almost against her will, her feet carried her to the den, and, for the third time since the fire, she went over each article left in the room. By direction of the Fire Chief, nothing had been touched or removed. All the furniture had been destroyed except her metal typewriting desk, and, after inspecting the debris about her, she sat down before her desk and methodically took out its contents. Her miniature was not there.

At last Ethel sat back in her chair and closed her eyes, endeavoring to recall each action of the day before. No, she had not taken the miniature away; she had put it in the top drawer of her desk just before luncheon, and there



"WHAT'S THIS?" MITCHELL, SEARCHING WITH ETHEL, PULLED OUT A PIECE OF WHITE FLANNEL AND EXAMINED THE DARK STAINS ON IT.

it must have remained until carried away by James Patterson. But what had become of it after he had secured it? Had the murderer picked it up in his hasty flight? Or had Julian Barclay found and pocketed it on discovering Patterson's dead body? Ethel shook her head; no, Barclay would have spoken of it— But would he? He had, if he found it, only gotten back his own property.

"Beg pardon!" said a voice from the doorway, suddenly, and Ethel jumped. "Miss Ogden, is it not?" Ethel looked at the well-dressed man in the doorway and nodded. "I have been watching you for several minutes."

"Indeed!" Ethel flushed with indignation.

"I thought you saw me," hastily. "I am Mitchell, from the Central Office," displaying his badge. "Have you found any trace of your miniature?"

"No," Ethel, mollified by the detective's gentlemanly appearance and quiet manner, looked eagerly toward him. "Have you found it?"

"Not yet," admitted Mitchell. He came closer to her. "I believe the man who has that miniature killed Patterson."

Ethel recoiled. "No!" she declared vehemently, and Mitchell looked at her oddly. "It must be somewhere around, dropped in some crevice or crack." She bent over the wreck of a chair and fumbled about, more anxious to conceal her expression from Mitchell's inquiring gaze than in the hopes of finding anything.

"Charles, the butler, has just admitted that he carried some of the debris down into the basement," volunteered Mitchell. "It's just possible your miniature may be in it."

"Oh, let us go and see." Ethel sprang impulsively for the door, and collided with Professor Norcross. "Excuse me!"

"It was my fault," Norcross laughed as he helped her regain her balance; then his eyes lighted on the detective. "Charles brought me word that you wished to see me, Mitchell."

"I did, sir," Mitchell stepped out into the hall. "I called you to ask if you have a revolver."

"I have," responded Norcross, and turned at the sound of approaching footsteps. A second later Barclay joined the small group.

ASKING for revolvers, Mitchell?" he inquired coolly. "I have one;" and, simultaneously, the two men went to their respective rooms, leaving Ethel staring in troubled silence at the detective.

Before she could question Mitchell, Norcross was back, revolver in hand. Mitchell took the weapon, examined it critically, selected a shell from its breech, snapped it shut, and returned it to Norcross just as Barclay rejoined them. His revolver was likewise subjected to a prolonged examination, and a cartridge extracted, marked, and slipped into the detective's pocket.

"Thanks," said Mitchell, handing the revolver back to Barclay. "That is all I wished; I won't detain you longer."

"Oh, wait," Ethel, without a backward glance at Norcross and Barclay, followed Mitchell down the back hall. "Let us go and examine the debris which you said was down-stairs."

"Certainly." And Mitchell made way for her to precede him. In the basement, they found Charles just closing the house.

"The debris, is it?" he exclaimed, on Mitchell stating what they wished. "Sure, it's here;" and Ethel dropped on her knees beside the bucket of trash and ashes. Dumping the pail on a newspaper spread out by the attentive Charles, Ethel ran her fingers through the mass, but without finding her miniature.

"What's this?" Mitchell, searching with her, pulled out a piece of white flannel, and, rising, examined the dark stains on it under the light. Suddenly he raised the flannel and sniffed at it.

"Powder stains," he exclaimed, thrusting the oily, dirty cloth under Ethel's nose. "Where did you get this piece of flannel, Charles?" as the butler returned from a trip to the kitchen.

"Oh, that?" inspecting the flannel, "sure, that is what Mr. Julian Barclay used to clean his revolver with this mornin'—you wouldn't be wantin' me to leave a dirty bit like that in his room, Miss Ethel, would ye?" turning to her.

But Ethel had fled.

CHAPTER XX

IT was barely nine o'clock in the morning when Leonard McLane reached his office in response to an urgent telephone call, and the one occupant of his office rose to greet him as he entered.

"It was good of you to hurry down," said Colonel Carter Calhoun, following him into his private office. "I was sorry to cut short your breakfast hour."

"That was all right," responded McLane, pushing a chair up to his desk. "As it happens, I have an appointment to meet a man here in half an hour. You rang off before I could ask you to breakfast with me, Colonel."

"Thanks, all the same," Calhoun dragged his chair forward close to McLane. "I went at once from the Union

Station to see the Secretary of War, and, while breakfasting with him, telephoned you from his residence. I want to thank you for wiring me of Dwight Tilghman's murder—it was a shock, a very great shock; and now to be met with the news of James Patterson's murder"—Calhoun sighed—"it looks bad; and, no trace of the murderer."

"I see you use the singular number," commented McLane. "You believe, then, Colonel, that one man committed the two crimes?"

"I prefer to reserve my theories until I've heard your facts," and McLane smiled covertly at his caution.

"Have you seen the morning newspaper and its account of the Patterson inquest?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Does it not seem possible that James Patterson, blinded by the smoke from the burning room, unexpectedly encountered this Yoshida Ito, who might have been in the Ogden house only to steal, and, instead, killed Patterson, an outspoken enemy of his country, and escaped unseen in the smoke and confusion?" asked McLane thoughtfully.

"That did occur to me," acknowledged Calhoun. "And your theory is borne out by the loss of the miniature, which I see in the newspaper article is reported mysteriously missing. Patterson may have taken it from the burning room and dropped it on meeting the Japanese, who may have stolen it after killing him." Calhoun pursed up his lips and looked meditatively at McLane. "It strikes me that Miss Ogden must have attached unusual importance to that miniature to have asked a man to risk his life to get it for her out of a burning room. Was it a particularly fine work of art?"

"I don't know; I've never seen it."

"Too bad," muttered Calhoun. "This Miss Ethel Ogden—is she closely related to Walter Ogden?"

THIRD or fourth cousin, I believe," McLane moved restlessly; he was not pleasantly impressed with Carter Calhoun. "Miss Ogden is a charming, lovable girl, the soul of honor," he added warmly.

"Ah, indeed; I hope to meet her soon." Calhoun settled himself more comfortably in his chair. "Professor Norcross—you've met him, of course—has been kind enough to keep me informed of several matters relating to Tilghman's death, and wrote me that she was very beautiful. Who's in your front office?" he added, with some abruptness; and McLane stared at his keen hearing; he himself had not detected footsteps in the next room.

"I imagine it is Dr. Horace Shively," he said, rising hurriedly. "He was to call here about this time. It was he"—stopping with his hand on the door-knob—"who was on the train when Tilghman was murdered and first detected the use of oxalic acid."

"Oh, do you know him?"

"Slightly. He had a good practice in Newport, but ill health forced him to retire, and, having a comfortable fortune, he spends much of his time traveling." Turning back to the door, McLane opened it, and found his expected visitor standing with his back to him looking out of the window. "How are you, Doctor?" he exclaimed cordially, and Shively wheeled about. "Come into my private office," added McLane, after they had shaken hands. "Colonel Calhoun is anxious to meet you; we were discussing Tilghman's murder while waiting for you."

Calhoun rose on their entrance and bowed gravely to Shively as McLane introduced them. "Take my seat," he said, and dropped into one with his back to the light. "I have traveled east, Dr. Shively, to secure data about the murder of my friend, Dwight Tilghman."

"I am glad I am here," answered Shively, tilting back in his chair to make room for McLane to reach his desk. "I wanted to come before, but was detained by business; however, I've sifted out the evidence extracted at the inquest."

"And your conclusions?" demanded Calhoun.

"I at first thought the Japanese Ito guilty, but now I believe a fellow traveler, Julian Barclay, poisoned Tilghman," responded Shively.



"GOD FORGIVE ME FOR EVER ASKING JULIAN BARCLAY HERE," MRS. OGDEN STAMMERED

"Julian Barclay? Humph!" Calhoun clasped and unclasped his long, strong fingers. "He was mentioned in the newspapers as having been the first to find Jim Patterson's dead body—and now you say you suspect him of having some connection with Tilghman's murder. Humph!" McLane, who had started at the mention of Julian Barclay's name, sat silent, studying the men, and debated in his own mind how much or how little he should tell them.

"Your reasons, Dr. Shively, for thinking Barclay guilty of poisoning Tilghman?" demanded Calhoun, breaking his silence.

"I have been in communication with a porter who has made out a sworn statement to having seen Julian Barclay leave the train and go toward the station entrance, and then bolt suddenly back into his Pullman car, with every indication of a desire to conceal himself. I have also found out, through a detective agency I employed, that none of the few passengers traveling north in Barclay's Pullman remained in that car while the train was in the Atlanta station."

"Ah! Then Barclay had the car to himself," Calhoun stared at Shively, "and unobserved, he could do as he wished, without fear of detection."

"And, also, let me state, just here, that, if innocent, Barclay could not prove an alibi if no passengers were in his car while the train was in Atlanta," interposed McLane.

"He gave no alibi in his deposition," retorted Shively. "That first directed my suspicion toward him. He must have committed the crime immediately on his return to the train, for Norcross and I got back from luncheon in the

station and stood in the vestibule of the smoking-car until just before the train started; then we went back to our own section for a brief stay. And the conductor was standing in the vestibule of the car when we left it," he added.

"With you and Norcross both there, and then the conductor, it would have been impossible for a criminal to sneak on board your end of the smoking-car," commented Calhoun. "But a car has two entrances—what about the other?"

"Oh, the porter was there."

"Sure?"

"Yes. I saw him standing on the lower step of the forward vestibule; anyone passing through that entrance into the smoker would have attracted his attention, and railroad officials assured me they could place reliance on the porter's word and efficiency."

McLane started to speak; then, thinking better of it, sat silent, contemplating his two companions.

"Did you hear no sound inside the car?" asked Calhoun.

"No. Norcross was telling me of a trip to South America as I sat below him on the step of the vestibule. We neither of us heard a sound from the interior of the car."

"By sound, I mean a cry for help, or raised voices quarreling," persisted Calhoun, looking directly at Shively.

"I heard none," declared Shively positively. "And I am sure we would have heard had Tilghman been quarreling with anyone; for most of the windows were raised and screened."

[Continued on page 55]

AT THE Arts Club that afternoon, they were the only positively young things visible; they met by chance, and their surprise and outspoken enthusiasm made them seem younger than ever.

"But you are actually home again," announced the girl. If her speech seemed bromidic, it belied her. "I had begun to fear, Terry, that it had gotten you, too!"

"It! What?"

"That deadly Roman fever that makes good Americans believe there's no place so hopeless for the noble artist as the dear, crude U. S. A.! I know the nasty little germ. You see, it did for a member of my own family, a nice cousin who made a lovely playmate when I was three. Then he went to Rome—and he's there yet, painting classic ruins that nobody will buy, living on an invisible bank account, and pretending he's still young, still a 'student.' He has been there twenty years!"

That one could stay abroad twenty years and still claim to be "young" was no matter for consideration, much less debate. And Terry Hunter, himself still in the middle twenties, tacitly agreed. They found a quiet corner where they could look out on the tiny park, and the trees, and the tower, just as the lights began to glimmer through the pale dusk.

They talked volubly, she of her magazine work, and he of his architecture, of their families, his in Virginia, hers native to New York, of the war and the folly of exhibitions, and, again, of work. They came back to this last from every excursion into more frivolous bypaths, pronouncing it solemnly.

PERFECTLY in tune, they chanted the wonderfulness of "work." Ellen was bitten by ambition. At the moment, she was finishing a series of eminently subdued little stories for one of the home magazines, but she confessed to dreams of a book, of many books. She meant to get her first out reasonably soon, long before she should be thirty. They both thought, and spoke of thirty, soberly, as an age which had seemed venerable a little while ago. It behooved them to hurry—they cited cases of old fogies of forty, and even fifty, still doing little things, still dreaming of what they were going to do, still looking ahead!

THE BEST HALF

By ELIZABETH NEWPORT HEPBURN

Illustrations by EDWARD C. CASWELL

Yet the golden years of achievement were between—well, twenty-five and thirty-eight, at most; you did not think new thoughts after forty. Your material had to be well in hand at that age. Oh, yes, these procrastinat-

ing elderly souls occasionally had it in them—men like De Morgan, for instance; sometimes they actually got somewhere, late—but as a rule—

"You haven't told me whether you're freelancing or with a firm," she said, at last. Whereupon, he told her his luck at working for "the best of them all," and of a big chance they had given him, on a competitive design for a Western State Capitol. He was at work on the elevation. Another man, fifteen years older, was designing the interior.

Then she asked when he could come to see her, and he looked really embarrassed.

"Honestly, Ellen, I don't know! I'm up to my eyes—office all day, private work at home, teaching four nights a week. I haven't an hour free until after ten at night!"

She looked a little startled at this. She also was no idler, but, for her, all work and no play sold no manu-



"TO HEAR YOU TALK, ONE WOULD SUPPOSE ALL YOUNGSTERS VIRTUOUS,

scripts. Terry, also, would be the better for an evening off now and then. Friday she was going to the Cruger's to dinner, dancing afterward, and had permission to bring a friend. It would do Terry good to go, might even be an advantage professionally—But Terry couldn't, of this he firmly assured her. He would like to; she must realize that! And, of course, it would kill women to work as a man must—Competition—why the thing to-day was unthinkable—first-rate men down and out this last year or so because of the lack of building impetus, the preoccupation of everybody possessing capital with war matters—if you got an inch of foothold, nowadays, you had to work like Hades to keep it—

At this Ellen brightened. The magazines were like that, though, lately, things seemed better; but she understood. Then she must wish him good luck and good-by—until he had made his reputation, and had a little time to spare for social activities. Only she feared she might be wizened and rheumatic by then!

They both laughed joyously at this, as though old age were an excellent joke—as indeed it still is, to them. But he grew serious before they separated.

"I'll tell you, Ellen—one must eat, so why can't I take my chances and telephone you some night when I have time for a real meal somewhere? Your people won't mind?"

"Oh, I'm a free woman," she announced happily. "Judy Doane and I have taken a scrap of a place together in West Fifty-eighth Street. You see, Mother and Father and Flo are wintering at Rye, but I've convinced them I'm a real working woman, no more idling about—"

"Good!" said Terry. "The first evening I can get off I'll call you up. And, Ellen, it's been bully, seeing you this way. We haven't had a talk like it since that polo game at West Point five years ago. And I had forgotten things about you—your hair, for instance, and the way that peripatetic dimple—yes, it's just that!—pops out in a new place each time—or else you have a dozen!"

IT popped out now, and she said he was a blarney, and how did one acquire the habit, not in Ireland, but in Rome? Finally, it proved to be surprisingly late, and he went off for a hurry-up meal before going to his class, she to her delayed dinner. But Terry paused on a corner an instant to watch her walking rapidly toward Fourth Avenue, slim, straight, swift moving. His work was more fun than any girl on earth, but, still, it had been pleasant to see her again and he would repeat the pleasure soon.

When a week or so later he tried to get her on the telephone she was "visiting in Morristown." To the busy youth, the term "visiting" seemed to possess a flavor of irresponsibility and extreme youth; the fluffy butterfly girl who cared nothing for concentrated work was perpetually visiting. Promptly, Terry plunged into his own game and forgot her for another month or so. Then Chance favored them and they met again.

The day was crisp, the wind sharp. Ellen had been walking fast, and she fairly glowed with vitality. To himself, Terry confessed that he had forgotten how lovely a girl may be. She seemed glad to see him, too,

and when they reached the clutter which for years has marred the entrance to the park, they turned in with one accord. Ellen had just sold some verse to a good magazine and was elated, not because of the size of the check, but because it meant breaking into another magazine.

Terry nodded understandingly. "I've just been up against that sort of choice myself, between glory and shekels. As I told you, my firm has put me on big work, no salary increase, however. Well, the other day came an offer from another firm—good, but not so good as our firm, you know—they offer to double my salary if I'll go to them!"

"How perfectly corking!" cried Ellen, stopping in the path to glow at him. "Terry, I do think you're a wonder—and only back six months!"

"But I refused the offer," said Terry hastily.

"O—hh!"

"You see, Ellen, the fellows I'm working with are just the best there are—and the firm is giving me a chance to show what I can do."

She looked as severe as youth is able to look, possessed of glowing cheeks.



AND ALL MIDDLE-AGED MEN DECADENT," SAID TERRY WEAKLY

"You mean they are getting your level best, the outcome of all that extra training, and paying you in glory! Why, Terry, I thought even architects had to look at the practical aspect, once they are really in the thick of the fight."

"Architects who are married!" said Terry, a note of triumph in his voice, "or engaged, or in debt! But I can live on what I get and still save—you see, there's my night class, and, in a few years, I may start out for myself. But, just now, it's immense to be working with the very best men there are!—Why, in that clean, busy office I'm happy as a prince; it's even better than Rome!"

OF course! Because in Rome you were just a student! Here you are deep in the real thing. All the same, I think your old firm is just plain stingy!"

"But you don't understand," said Terry eagerly. "Working there is a privilege, it means a pull over the fellows in offices that put out a lower grade of work."

She might disagree with his conclusions, but, after all, she liked his loyalty. And she realized that for the Terrys of this world money is not the sole measure of success. Later, the conversation developed the fact that she was going out of town for another week-end, from Friday until Tuesday. Here Terry took a flier in this friendly game of higher criticism.

"Seems to me that, for a working woman, you take lots of vacation," he remarked.

She turned her bright head, started to speak, then walked on swiftly without defending her position. Terry kept pace beside her and wondered.

"It's none of my business, Ellen, but I reckon you've made me ambitious for you. I want you to get somewhere, and we all have to work mighty hard for any plums we manage to pick."

She conceded this with a nod, and added: "But you're a man," whereupon Terry wondered what, in Time, that had to do with it. She did not enlighten him, the conversation flowed into a new channel, and, in the end, he put her on a bus. It was several days before he managed to get a new light on this conversation.

He was talking to Walter Ray, architect, and bachelor of forty. The usual shop talk drifted to women, their work and place generally, and Terry voiced his slowly forming conviction:

"They seem to have jumped right into the middle of things—they talk a lot about work. Yet do they really want to buckle down to it, as we must, to get anywhere?"

Ray was examining a blue-print; they were still in the office, but it was after six and everyone else had gone.

"Perhaps not, Terry. But they have their reasons. Women must do double duty."

"How do you mean?"

"Their time is limited; they have to hustle. No matter how much a girl wants to paint, or write, or saw bones, she has to remember her first duty—which is to find a husband. If she doesn't, how is the race going on, I'd like to know?"

"But if you come to peopling the Universe, it's up to you and me, too," said Terry.

"Obviously! But, with us, Time is no special object! We can work like old Nick, get a strangle hold on that Jumping Jack, Success, and then look about for a wife at our leisure, any time between thirty-five and fifty. But the woman dares not wait. No matter how keen her interest in her special job, she must not ignore her social duty, which is to meet men, get them interested in her, and marry the best she can pick!"

Terry grunted his disgust, but Ray went on: "Like most unvarnished truth, it stings—bumps into all your pet ideas about chivalry, and true love. I know, my son! But you watch 'em, all sorts and kinds, and classes of women, and see if I am wrong! If they don't marry when they can, there comes a time when they are less important as human beings than their sisters, the married women! They cease to be sought after. Whereas, with us—why any

decently prosperous bachelor in this town may go to five places any given evening. He's drowned in kindness, invitations, his telephone sits up and begs! And, believe me, his hostesses don't ask whether he's thirty or fifty!"

Terry looked at his companion without enthusiasm. It seemed, to the younger man, that to see things so in one's head argued a blindness to true beauty, the right values, argued a complete absence of those spiritual qualities marching with things subtly fine and rare in the beloved realm of architecture.

Yet the more he thought about the subject, the more he wondered about Ellen. Was she preoccupied with this getting-married business to the detriment of her work?

He called her up a few days later and asked her to meet him at an excellent Italian restaurant. Terry supplemented this invitation with the information that he should have to take Ellen home a bit early as he was due to criticise at the atelier.

Her laugh came over the wire, impish, gleeful, clear as silver bells. "You're inviting me to dine—if I'll promise to go home early, like a good child! Well, I promise!"

He expostulated, explained, but she laughed the more. "Run along, Terry! Don't waste the golden moments! I'll be there at seven and shall let you off by nine sharp, honest Injun!"

When he saw her against a background of sallow foreign faces, she looked so fresh and charming—in an old-blue frock and a soft, plummy black hat—so gay, and mischievous, and unsuggestive of those harried women of whom Ray talked, that Terry grinned to himself a little sheepishly. He wondered just how much Ray's wisdom counted, just what Ellen would think of Ray?

Near them sat a delightfully pretty girl, an actress or a singer Ellen decided, dining with a well-groomed man whose appearance they both liked. Terry thought him a theatrical manager of the better sort, but Ellen insisted that he was a novelist, very eminent, indeed, and probably English.

"Engaged, or just prospecting?" suggested Terry.

Ellen's eyes widened as though he had said something profane. "Why, neither! Oh, of course, the man may mean anything. Men are so queer! But that girl won't marry him."

"Why not?" inquired Terry, amused at her vehemence. "You like him; they are stunning together."

"Why, the girl is my age and he must be fifty, Terry Hunter!"

BUT the man of fifty is just getting a strangle hold of that 'Jumping Jack, Success' quoted Terry promptly. "The girls want frills, and motor cars, don't they?"

Her blue-eyed scorn was keen as a sword blade. "They want what they give—youth, enthusiasm, a feeling that everything is possible! You're talking the poppycock of the old beau who thinks he is fascinating the girls when he's really boring them stiff! They fool themselves, silly old things, getting bald, getting soft, mind and body, belatedly sentimental! But you'd better believe they don't fool the girls, the straight, clean, wholesome girls—the girls worth marrying!"

Terry was so astonished at this onslaught that he made a feeble noise in his throat by way of protest, and left her the floor.

She deserted her salad and leaned a little toward him, eyes burning. "Terry Hunter, how'd you like to be a young girl, anywhere in the teens or twenties, married to a man fifteen to thirty years older, a man with his best years gone, his youth forgotten, his freshness of feeling absolutely stale!"

"To hear you talk, one would suppose all youngsters virtuous, and all middle-aged men decadent," said Terry rather weakly. "And, anyhow, young men are so awfully poor!"

"Who cares?" she demanded recklessly. "Who wants a perfectly eligible husband, cut and dried, ready-made, a

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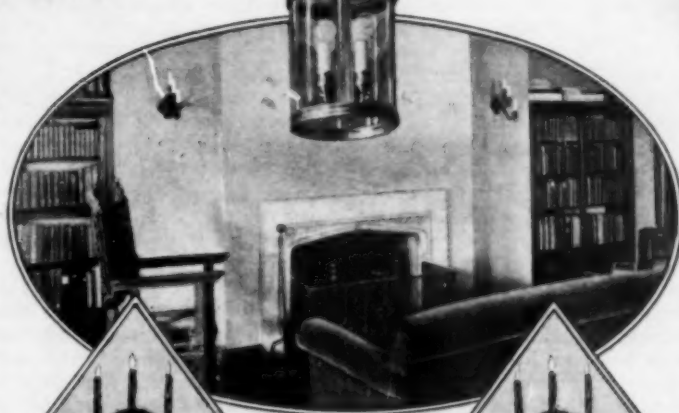
PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

DECORATIVE ILLUMINATION

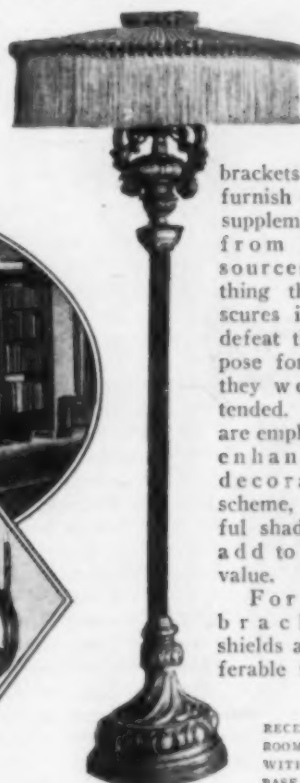
By CORINNE UPDEGRAFF WELLS

WHEN illumination is to be employed as a decorative interest, all one's artistic faculties should be summoned for consultation, as, in this phase of interior decorating, it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Unless one's color sense is inborn, or sufficiently cultivated to insure against

ENAMELED
STAND WITH
CHINTZ
SHADE



UPPER CENTER OF GROUP, HANGING HALL LANTERN; IN ROOM, BRONZE CANDLE BRACKETS; IN DIAMONDS BELOW, METAL SCONCES BEARING GAY WAX CANDLES



brackets is to furnish light to supplement that from other sources, anything that obscures it will defeat the purpose for which they were intended. If they are employed to enhance the decorative scheme, beautiful shades will add to their value.

For wall brackets, shields are preferable to the

RECEPTION-
ROOM LAMP
WITH ONYX
BASE

any possibility of submerging the household in that lurid currant-jelly atmosphere one glimpses occasionally through unshaded windows, any attempt at creating a color scheme by the use of artificial lights will be apt to result in spectacular pyrotechnics. Fortunately, there is one simple and safeguarding rule against achieving this undesirable result. Keep your lights as near the color of the sun as possible. This will necessarily confine your choice to yellow, orange and amber, all of which have heart-warming possibilities.

If you dare call your artistic soul your own, by all means include those shades of red and rose which light up well. This last point is as essential in selecting lamp and candle shades as in choosing a party gown. Certain shades of brown and old blue light up very well. If you wish to avoid circus-lemonade effects, refuse to install colored glass globes in any part of your establishment. Amber glass is the exception to this rule, because it produces rays resembling sunlight.

Since the present tendency in ceiling fixtures, when they are used at all, is toward the candelabra type, the need for shades upon the central lighting fixtures is eliminated, the light being softened by the frosted bulbs made to imitate the glow of candles. When wall brackets of the same style are installed, shades become a matter of personal choice. If the chief purpose of the

circular shades which have been so long in vogue. These are usually made of silk or hand-painted parchment stretched over a wire frame, and attached to the candle by adjustable metal holders. While the parchment shields are more expensive than those made of silk, in rooms where there is no definite color scheme, or where the aim is to produce a translucent lighting effect, parchment is preferable.

Probably the most decorative type of lighting fixture now in favor is the floor lamp lighted either by oil or electricity. These are beautiful by day, and superb by night. They may be found in all colors, shapes, styles, and finishes, and their prices vary. The bases are made in metal, wood, and wicker, all in a bewildering variety of colors and finishes; and the shades are far too gorgeous for mere language. They look like long-stemmed flowers.

Some of the most beautiful floor lamps brought out this season are fashioned entirely of wicker, either natural, or stained. These are especially suitable for bungalows, for living-rooms furnished in wicker, and for bedrooms where light enameled furniture is used. These wicker shades are invariably lined with cretonne or chintz, which makes them more ornamental than practical unless the light is of sufficient power to counteract the effect of the heavily figured material.

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ATTRACTIVE LAMP FOR THE SMALL TABLE, WITH METAL BASE AND PARCHMENT SHADE



SHIELDS FOR
SIDE LIGHTS,
OUTSIDE THE
BORDER LINES

JAPANESE VASE
CONVERTED
INTO A READING
LAMP

LOST—A KINGDOM

A ROYAL FAMILY'S TRAGEDY REVEALED

By PRINCESS RADZIWILL



VERY revolution has its victims. Standing out prominently among those of the recent one in Russia are four girls, whose names have barely been mentioned in the great cataclysm that has swept away their father's throne, and whose fate is about as tragic as that of any of the heroines of old Greek drama.

I am thinking of the daughters of the man who, a few weeks ago, was the mighty Tsar of all the Russias, and who now is nothing but a prisoner in the Palace of Tsarskoie Sélo, which has seen the splendor of the Court of the Great Catherine II. No one has had a word of pity for these girls, who, born amidst all the pomp of the most luxurious Imperial House in Europe, find themselves to-day outcasts among their own people; who have lost

their position, their rank, their fortune, everything they ever possessed, and who stand, helpless and unknowing, in the presence of a future as uncertain as it is threatening.

There are people who seem to have been born to misfortune, and the daughters of Nicholas II. undeniably belong to the number. First of all, their births were nothing but a series of disappointments for their parents as well as for the Russian nation, who had, each time, hoped for an heir. When Olga, the eldest one, made her appearance, people grumbled, but thought that the expected boy would follow. Tatiana's birth was a source of regret, and, as her two younger sisters arrived in due course, the nation began to express its discontent quite loudly, and, even among the imperial family, their advent into the world was considered in the light of an actual misfortune. For long weeks, the Empress would

not even look at them, and the babies were entirely left to the care of a nurse, at first, and of a governess afterward. Happily, the latter, Mademoiselle Toutscheff, was a person of great distinction, who took to her heart the forsaken children, and who tried to give them some of the maternal love which was denied them by their own mother. She brought them up admirably, but, unfortunately, had to resign her functions a few months before the breaking out of the great war, owing to some disagreement she had with the Empress, on the subject of Rasputin. She objected strenuously to his constant presence at the side of her pupils, and went so far as to speak to the Emperor about it. The latter would not do anything to remove his daughters from the nefarious influence of a man who has

been the evil genius of the House of Romanoff, and Mademoiselle Toutscheff left the young Grand Duchesses.

Her departure was, for the latter, the first great sorrow of their existence. It left them

entirely alone, since their mother deliberately avoided their companionship, and, although under the same roof, sometimes spent weeks without seeing them.

The girls had no friends of their own age, no one to turn to, no one with whom they could have shared the pleasures, such as they were, of their existence, or its sorrows. They were not even allowed to visit their relatives, and they found themselves compelled to seek, within their own resources, the chance to live otherwise than in a purely mechanical manner.

Their days were spent mostly out of doors, in the park of Tsarskoie Sélo, where they had liked to wander ever since their baby days. Pomp and luxury surrounded them; they had fine dresses, jewels,



PRINCESS TATIANA, LEFT-HAND CIRCLE; THE EX-TSARINA, CENTER; PRINCESS OLGA, RIGHT-HAND; ARCH BEFORE THE WINTER PALACE. THE TWO FIGURES, AT TOP, ARE FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE



THE RENOWNED PETERHOFF FOUNTAIN

and everything they might have wished for; but these girls required something more than that. They had generous hearts, noble souls, and minds far above those of the people with whom they lived. They had felt, without perhaps being aware of it, their ostracism by Russian society, on account of their

in celebration, at which Olga and Tatiana were both present, chaperoned by their grandmother, the Dowager Empress Marie, as their mother only showed herself for a few moments at this festivity. The girls were immensely admired, and seemed to enjoy themselves thor-



THE PALACE GROUNDS—WHERE THE PRINCESSES WALKED DAILY

mother, and they had suffered from it perhaps more than they had allowed the world to guess. Their existence has been an entirely unnatural one, and it is not surprising that it has transformed them into sad girls, who seldom smile, and who seem to be always expecting some misfortune or other to fall upon them.

The eldest daughter, Olga, was her father's favorite, and devoted herself to him ever since she could understand his position, together with her own. The unfortunate Tsar, who was so lonely amidst the splendors of his existence, found, in his daughter, the sympathy he had been unable to meet with in his wife, and the two became far more intimate than is even the case, generally, between parent and child. Olga walked with Nicholas II., she read to him, she tried to render to him every small service that she could, and she more than once declared she would never consent to marry abroad, because this would surely entail her leaving him.

The Emperor, on the other hand, fond as he was of this lovely daughter, would have liked to see her settled in life. He realized how different her existence was from that of other young princesses of her age, and he felt sorry for her, as well as for her sisters. It was partly for this reason that when the idea, first of a Servian, then of a Roumanian marriage for Olga Nicolaiewna was suggested to him by M. Sazonoff, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, he caught eagerly at it. The two princes received a warm invitation to pay a visit to Tsarskoie Sélo, and when they arrived, every opportunity was given them to see the Grand Duchesses, but neither of the latter would allow themselves to be persuaded to accept the prospect opened to them, and so the thing dropped, partly because of their aversion for it, and partly because the war broke out, which put aside every thought of matrimony for the daughters of the Tsar.

The two eldest girls were, at that time, seventeen and nineteen years old. They had only been seen once in society, on the occasion of the anniversary of the three-hundredth year of the accession of the Romanoff dynasty to the throne of Russia. A great ball was given in Petrograd,

dancing until the early hours of the morning. It was their first, and their last appearance at any public entertainment, and the world who saw them then, was never to do so again—at least not as daughters of a reigning monarch.

When the storm burst, and the war broke out, Olga and Tatiana Nicolaiewna came out in their true colors. The Emperor appointed them at the head of two relief committees, one of which was to deal with the difficult question of handling the refugees from the provinces which had fallen into the hands of the enemy. It was Tatiana who

undertook the latter piece of work, whereas her sister Olga busied herself with the orphans left by soldiers fallen in battle. The sisters took most seriously the duties which had devolved upon them.

They worked indefatigably, night and day, giving thus the denial to criticisms which

had accompanied their appointment to such responsible posts. People, hearing about it, had shrugged their shoulders and declared that

girls brought up as the young Grand Duchesses had been, could not possibly understand anything of relief work. But the lessons of Mademoiselle Toutscheff had not been lost on her pupils, who, suddenly, to the amazement of everybody, developed qualities which no one, not even those who knew them well, had ever supposed they possessed. Tatiana, in particular, proved herself an absolute wonder. Not only did she enter into every detail concerning the activity of her committee, but she visited, personally, all the various institutions which had been opened by it in different Russian towns. She sacrificed every penny of her large private income to the relief of the unfortunates, refused to buy even a new dress for herself during the two years that she busied herself with her work; she gave up her time, her activity, her thoughts, her energy, entirely to the suffering mass of humanity whose care she had undertaken, and, when one day her father urged her to take some rest, she replied that it would be unworthy of a Russian Princess to do such a thing, whilst so

[Continued on page 71]



THE DEPOSED ROYAL FAMILY—NOW THE ROMANOFFS OF RUSSIA

TOO GOOD TO HIM

By E. M. HOLDING

Illustrated by
H. C. RICHARDSON



HEY came to see me in my new home, one day a few weeks after the wedding, and I took the most ingenuous delight in showing every nook and corner of its dainty perfection.

There was Aunt Emily, half-amused at my tremendous seriousness, but altogether sympathetic and tender, and there was also stout, brisk, severe Aunt Susie, who looked with approval on my careful house-keeping, but seemed silently annoyed about something. I could not understand her.

"You see, I have matting in the bedrooms," I said, "because Nick doesn't like rugs that slip about; also, I haven't put up my long curtains anywhere, for Nick thinks they shut out too much light and air."

And then I went on to tell them how Nick liked this and that, and how he enjoyed what I cooked for him, and what he thought, and what he didn't think. Aunt Emily smiled with affectionate tolerance, and called me a little goose; but Aunt Susie was growing more and more severe. At last she could keep silent no longer.

"My dear," she said, "I must give you a word of warning. You're beginning very badly."

She spoke abruptly, almost violently, as if her patience had suddenly come to an end. "You're beginning all wrong," she went on, "and you'll regret it bitterly some day."

I was amazed.

"It's Nick here, and Nick there, and Nick says this, and Nick says that," continued Aunt Susie. "You're absolutely ruining that man. You'll make him so selfish you won't be able to live with him. You must stop pampering, and petting, and spoiling him. Why, child, you're far too good to him!"

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Emily with a laugh; but, nevertheless, I was impressed by Aunt Susie's words. I did not want to make Nick selfish, and I did not, by any means, want to be what I had once heard unpleasantly described as "foolishly fond." I thought over the words a great deal, and finally decided to act on them. My self-imposed task was not to prove an easy one, I discovered.

I BEGAN that night by making a chocolate pudding. Nick was not fond of chocolate in any form, but I was, and I thought that if I served only the things he liked, he would soon take it as a matter of course that my tastes were not to be consulted. Still, it was not agreeable work, mixing and baking something which I knew Nick would not enjoy.

The next day I put up the long curtains. "After all, it's my home as well as his, and I have to be in it all day," I said to myself, almost defiantly.

Nick is very reticent and very, very slow to criticise. He said nothing about the little changes which I continued to introduce, from time to time, but I kept vigilantly on the watch for traces of selfishness on his part.

On Monday morning he turned back as I was closing the front door, and called: "Will you please get out my heavy overcoat, dear, and get it ready for the tailor?"

I answered, "All right," but after I got into the house, Aunt Susie's words came to my mind.

"That was very selfish of him," I reflected. "To-day is wash-day, and I have so much to do. Nick ought to think of those things. I simply can't go rummaging about in the storeroom for his coat, and then sit down to sew on buttons and mend the lining, too."

I grew quite angry. When Nick came home that evening, I brought up the subject with an air of calm decision.



"I didn't touch your coat to-day," I said. "I had far too much to do. You must not expect me to do these little things for you on wash-days. It's very inconsiderate of you."

He looked at me steadily and said curtly: "Very well."

"I do the very best I can—" I began, when he interrupted.

"I'm not complaining," he answered, simply.

"Well, I am!" I cried; "I think you're acting horribly."

He began to read his paper in grim silence, while I grew angrier and angrier. With a great effort, I succeeded in holding my tongue; but we were very formal and distant all evening.

"There's no doubt about it," I decided, "Nick is getting very selfish." So I tried to stop it. I suggested that he smoke less expensive cigars, and try to save enough money for a sewing-machine for me. He answered, as usual, "Very well," and, at once, cut down his personal allowance. I was sometimes purposely late in getting home so that supper would be delayed, and I made no excuse, except to say that I felt entitled to a little amusement once in a while. Nick never complained, but his manner grew more and more restrained and aloof. Little by little, we had built up a cruel barrier between us; each was becoming, day by day, a little more resentful, disappointed, and obstinate.

WE went out to spend a week-end with my mother in the country, while affairs were in this unhappy condition, and Mother's loving eyes were quick to see the trouble. She must have watched us very closely, for, an hour or so before we were going home again, she called me into her room and sat down beside me on the bed, putting her arm about me and looking into my face.

"Dear little daughter," she said, gently, "will you let me be interfering and meddlesome just once?"

"Of course," I answered. "What is it?"

To my surprise, she answered almost in Aunt Susie's words. "You're spoiling your husband, dear. You're fast making him selfish."

"Oh, Mother!" I cried, "that's just what I'm trying not to do." And I told her what Aunt Susie had said, and what effect it had had.

"And do you think," she said quietly, when I had finished, "that by being exacting and selfish yourself you will make your husband unselfish? Do you think that you can benefit him by setting a poor example?"

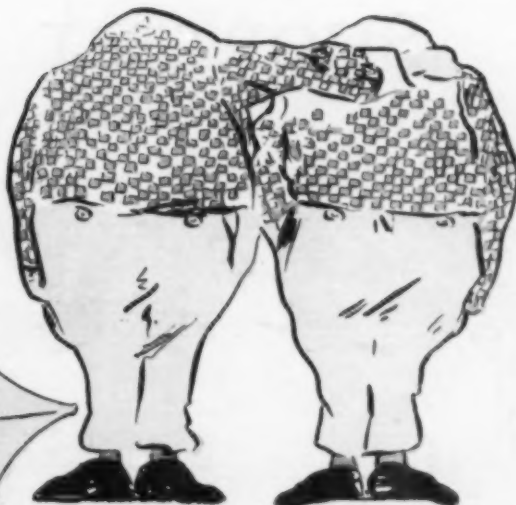
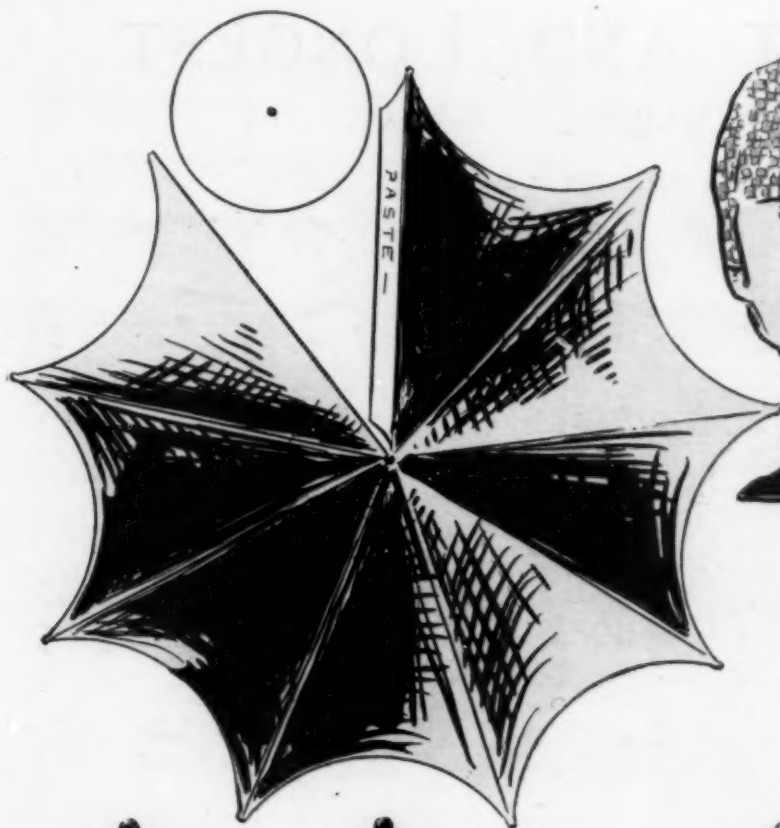
"But I don't want to spoil him," I faltered.

"Instead of that, you're spoiling yourself. My dear, every ungentle and self-asserting act does you, yourself, the greatest harm. And when you have once really acquired the habit of asking, 'Why should I do this?' 'Why should I do that?' you will have lost whatever influence and authority you ever had. It is so terribly easy to create an atmosphere of mutual resentment."

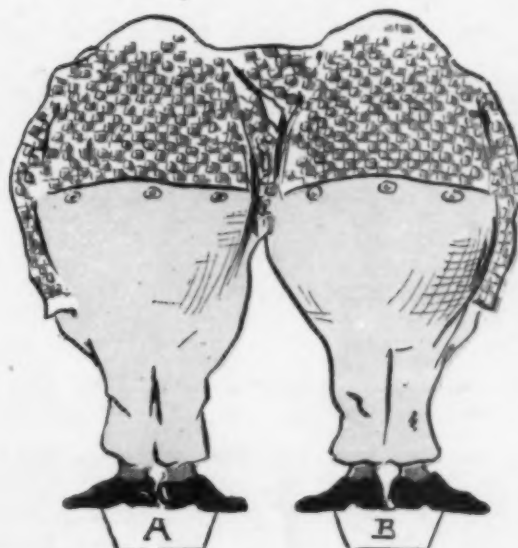
"But I don't want Nick to take all my—my little services for granted," I protested.

"Why not? What higher compliment could your husband pay you than to 'take it for granted' that you will be considerate, and loyal, and sweet-tempered? Aren't you proud that he expects it of you, instead of finding it extraordinary? You take his good points for granted, dear. You are not surprised that he works faithfully for you; that he is honest, and temperate, and patient in his home life. He's not afraid he will be 'too good' to you."

[Concluded on page 76]



The Completed Tweedledum and Tweedledee



(For directions, see page 73)

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

AN ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND CUT-OUT

Designed by RAY DUMONT

SHORTEST AND LONGEST

A SEPTEMBER LOVE-SONG

Dedicated to ELIZABETH M. BLONDEL

Words by GEORGE BIRDSEYE

Music by CHARLOTTE DU VERNET

Allegro, (con forza.)

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a crescendo leading to a fortissimo (ff) section. The left staff begins with a bass clef and contains a series of chords, with a fortissimo (ff) section. The introduction concludes with a decrescendo and a 'ril.' (ritardando) marking.

f

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a fortissimo (f) dynamic and includes the lyrics: "The long - est day's in June they say, The short - est in De - cem - ber; It". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

did not come to me that way, The short - est I re - mem - ber, You came a day with

ril.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "did not come to me that way, The short - est I re - mem - ber, You came a day with". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. A 'ril.' (ritardando) marking is placed below the piano part.

accel. e cres.

The third system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "me to stay, And filled my heart with laugh - ter, And filled my heart with laugh - ter, And". The piano accompaniment includes a fortissimo (ff) dynamic and an 'accel. e cres.' (accelerando e crescendo) marking. The system concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

filled my heart with laugh - ter.

rit.

f

The long - est day you were a - way, The ver - y next day

cres. *p meno mosso.* *a tempo.*

aft - er, The ver - y next day aft - er, The ver - y next day aft - er.

cres. *f* *ff* *rit.*

accel. *f* *cres.* *ff*

SMART HATS FOR SMART WOMEN

By EVELYN TOBEY

Head of the Millinery Department,
Columbia University

Illustrated by
MARGUERITE
and
NATALIE GOUBERT



FIG. 1



FIG. 2



FIG. 4



FIG. 5



FIG. 3

YOU have no sooner gotten just the right tilt to your late summer hat, and found it comfortable, when in rushes September with an entirely new demand in tilts, and a horde of new styles so dazzling that your prized bonnet promptly withers away—at least, in your estimation.

This year, as usual, small hats are going to hold the reins for early fall wear; but each one, in the smart shops, reveals a note more unique, more astonishing, than the last. The materials, the trimmings, the color combinations, all have their interest, of course, but in two of the models especially—ingenious tams—nothing is quite so important as the tilt.

Coming into a Fifth Avenue specialty shop the other day, I saw two attractive mannequins wearing Figs. 4 and 5. Though the establishment was banked with alluring creations on each side, I rushed back to stare at the "tilts." Both models were made of bias strips of satin, with corded edges, the one in blue and the other black; but, whereas Fig. 4 was the auto tam, graceful, irresponsible, flinging itself carelessly over to the side back, Fig. 5 was worn much more carefully, and had a backward tilt that was military in its precision. The first tam had no trimming of any sort, but the latter had two stiff little Mercury wings in front. They were the least suggestive of flight, however, of any wings I have ever seen.

Navy blue and red have ever been a popular color combination, but never so popular as now. The red, however, is no longer just "red"—it has added to itself "artillery." Fig. 1 is, therefore, not alone in the millinery world so far as its color scheme is concerned; but it is in its development. The entire upper portion of the model is of blue satin, it is faced with red velvet, and the polka dots pasted on the brim are of the same material. Artillery red enters again with the ribbon bow. The shape of Fig. 1 is by no means extreme; but there is no doubt that Fifth Avenue will open its eyes wide when Madame Imitator makes her appearance.

To me, Fig. 3—the latest one of the early fall models—has a distinct military tendency, but, probably, because war-time appellations have been considerably overdone, in connection with wearing apparel especially, Madame L., its creator, called it a melon model, instead. On exhibition with other ultra-smart hats, in a purple display, this tiny toque stood out with distinction. The purple satin sections, braided in purple, hung loose from the crown frame, and were bound with purple ribbon. The jaunty little bow, perched on the very tip of the crown, added just a little more charm to an already fascinating bonnet.

Fig. 2 combines the ever popular satin and wool. Its shape, though not becoming to every type of face, is

[Continued on page 31]



FASHIONS

LEADING UP TO AUTUMN



THE golden hours of summer are passing, and very soon the modes of fall and winter will be presented.

Everything seems to point to the fact that the styles that have been most successful during the summer will continue into the new season, for these are not days of rapidly changing fashions. Instinctively we seem to know that the straight silhouette will remain a prominent feature of the fashions, since simplicity is to be the dominant note in dress, and, moreover, the possibilities of the slim silhouette are far from exhausted, even now.

If you have been closely watching the fashions, surely you have noticed that other silhouettes have been rising to importance. The number of dresses with draperies at the sides almost equals those that are built on perfectly straight lines. These draperies are usually placed at the hips, but some of them fall as low as the knees and even a trifle lower, and always they hang in very soft, graceful folds.

What with these new draperies, the straight-line frocks, and our old favorite, the long tunic, back again, there is a diversity of charming styles at present. To these are added the Empire and low-waisted modes which have recently been

HOW TO GET McCALL PATTERNS
McCall Patterns (with detailed directions for use) can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern Agency in your locality or ordered by mail by stating the number and size wanted and enclosing the price to

THE McCALL COMPANY
New York, N. Y.,
McCall Building,
236-250 W. 37th St.
Chicago, Ill.,
418-424 S. 5th Ave.
Boston, Mass.,
34-40 Chauncy St.
San Francisco, Cal.,
140 Second Street.
Atlanta, Ga.,
82 North Pryor St.
Toronto, Canada,
70 Bond Street.

presented and which are both being well received.

"Look to your sleeves and collars" is a warning that Fashion gives out. Perhaps it is in anticipation of the cool days to come that the choker collar is being revived, but whether it is for any such logical reason or not, it is certain that the high collar is to be a fall novelty. A very smart collar which is entirely new is in muffler effect, with ends crossing in front and fastened with buttons, or else

with the ends long enough to be wrapped around the neck and thrown back over the shoulders. These collars appear not only on coats, but also on dresses for the street.

With the high collars, long sleeves have come in. Most of them are close fitting, many have deep cuffs, while some flare at the lower edge or between the elbows and wrists. The sleeve with a narrow inserted section at the back extending from just below the elbow to the wrist is another of the new designs, and especially pretty when contrasting material is introduced in the inserted section.

Mention must be made of the tie-on dresses with waists cut in surplice style, crossing in front and extending into sash ends which are tied at the back. Skirts designed to go with these are box-pleated or side-pleated, front and back, with the new draperies or pockets arranged at the sides.



DRESSES ARE KNOWN BY THEIR SLEEVES
THIS SEASON
Sleeves on this page, No. 7933



IN PROSPECT OF AUTUMN



Coat 7934
Skirt 7917

Empire Coat 7939
Transfer Design No. 846 for Bag

Waist 7944
Coat Suit 7937

TWO NEW SUITS AND AN EMPIRE COAT

For other views and descriptions, see page 46

EVENING GOWNS AND COIFFURES



Dress 7941
Transfer Design No. 840

Evening Wrap 7943

Waist 7929
Skirt 7927

A DRAPERY HERE AND A TUNIC THERE

For other views and descriptions, see page 46

SILHOUETTES VERY OFTEN

DIFFER

WHEN WE DEPART FROM
STRAIGHT LINES WE
INDULGE IN DRAPERIES



For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 46

SERVICE AND

PLEASURE FROCKS

FROCKS NOWADAYS ARE
STRICTLY FOR SERVICE
OR PURELY FOR PLEASURE



Waist 7899
Skirt 7791



Shirt 7915
Skirt 7907



Dress 7803
Transfer Design No. 822



Dress 7931



7899-7791



7915-7907



7803



7931

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 46

DESCRIPTIONS OF PATTERNS

Descriptions for page 35

NO. 7024, BOY'S ETON SUIT; knee trousers. Pattern in 3 sizes; 2 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch blue, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch white linen.

No. 7006, GIRL'S MILITARY DRESS; with detachable cape. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires 4 yards 45-inch blue material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch white for collar, cuffs and cape facing, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch lining for cape.

No. 7042, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; with or without front yoke; four-piece skirt in 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27-inch brown silk, and 3 yards ribbon for sash. Width of skirt, 2 yards.

No. 7012, MISSES' TIE-ON OR BUTTON-ON DRESS (suitable for small women); in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard same width to trim. Skirt's width, 2 yards.

Descriptions for page 36

No. 7019, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece straight pleated skirt, instep length, or tunic with three-piece foundation, straight lower edge in 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 50-inch material. Width of foundation, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 7021-7025.—Medium size requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch satin, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch Georgette.

No. 7021, LADIES' TIE-ON OR BUTTON-ON WAIST. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting.

No. 7025, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

No. 7003, LADIES' WAIST; with attached convertible collar, stock and neckband. Pattern in 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 45-inch linen and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 32-inch gingham.

No. 7017, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 39- or 37-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).—Size 26, 39-inch length, requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 48-inch plaid, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch plain fabric. Width, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 7040, LADIES' DRESS; instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44-inch serge, and $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch taffeta. Width, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 811 (15 cents).

Descriptions for page 37

No. 7731, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; two styles of sleeve attached to guimpe; four-piece skirt, instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $7\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch foulard, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch silk for collar. Width of skirt, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards. A model peculiarly suited to the development shown because of its simplicity.

No. 7761, LADIES' BLOUSE. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 45-inch material, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 32-inch for collar and cuffs.

No. 7783, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with pocket sections; high waistline; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26, 42-inch length, requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch material. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 7739, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; two-piece skirt, straight lower edge, instep length. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 45-inch material. Width, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Transfer No. 840 (10 cents).

No. 7771, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards 45-inch crepe.

No. 7604, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26, 38-inch length, requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch check, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain fabric. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Descriptions for page 38

No. 7891, LADIES' SIMPLICITY DRESS; instep length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch for collar. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Transfer No. 846 (15 cents) for bag.

No. 7803, LADIES' BLOUSE; to be slipped on over the head. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch contrasting.

No. 7837, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline; 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 7807, LADIES' MILITARY DRESS; with or without cape; instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 5 yards 48-inch serge, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch lining.

No. 7787, LADIES' DRESS; one-piece straight skirt, 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch velveteen, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch satin. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.



THE NEW STYLES IN GLOVES AND FOOTWEAR FOR FALL



Eton Suit 7924

Military Dress 7906

Dress 7942

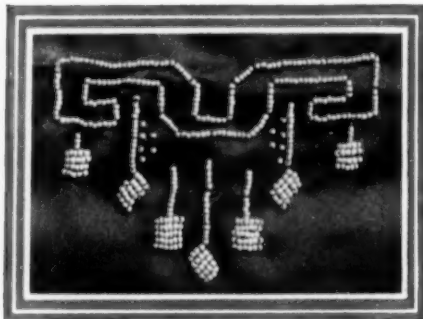
Dress 7912

VACATION TIME IS PASSED AND GONE

For descriptions, see page 34

BETWEEN THE SEASONS WE NEED FROCKS LIKE THESE

Beaded Motif for Dress Trimming



No. 796. MOTIFS AND BANDING DESIGN.
—Showing bead development for dress
trimming. Two of these motifs, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches
long, are included in pattern, also 5 other
motifs and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches
wide. In yellow or blue. Price, 10 cents.



Dress 7919



Dress 7940
Transfer Design No. 811



7921



7925

Waist 7921
Skirt 7925



Waist 7903
Skirt 7917



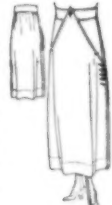
7919



7940



7903

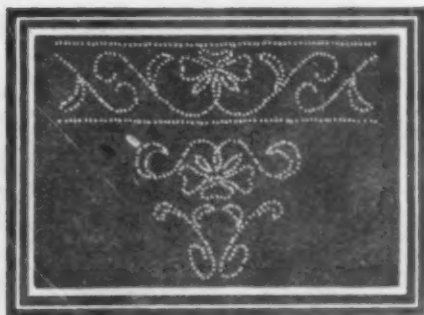


7917

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 34

PRETTY EFFECTS IN CHECKS, DOTS, AND PLAIN FABRICS

Beadwork Still Flourishing



No. 840, MOTIFS AND BANDING DESIGN.
—A graceful design for beads, consisting of 3 yards of 2½-inch banding, 2 large motifs, 4½ inches high, and 2 smaller ones. For white or colored beads. Design in yellow or blue. Price, 10 cents.



Dress 7731



Waist 7771
Skirt 7694



Blouse 7761
Skirt 7783



Dress 7739
Transfer Design
No. 840



7731



7771-7694



7761-7783



7739

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 34

AUTUMN MODELS SHOW VARIETY



Dress 7891
Transfer Design No. 846 for Bag



Military Dress 7897



Blouse 7893
Skirt 7837
Transfer Design No. 812



Dress 7787



7891



7837



7893



7897



7787

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 34

BLOUSES, SKIRTS

AND DRESSES



Dress 7695
Transfer Design No. 840



Waist 7905
Skirt 7671



Dress 7913



Blouse 7734
Skirt 7711
Transfer Design No. 846
for Bag



7695



7754-7711



7905-7671



7913

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 46

FROCKS OF ALL KINDS

FOR THE MISS



Dress 7586

NO. 7586, MISSES' BOX - PLEATED DRESS; in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch wool poplin, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch satin for collar, cuffs and pocket laps. The width at the lower edge is $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Well suited to a girlish figure is this model with box-pleats front and back under which the belt passes and fastens in front.



Dress 7938

NO. 7938, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); two-piece straight skirt, with side pocket sections or plain; in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 50-inch material. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. An absolutely plain waist is relieved from severity by the graceful side drapery on the skirt. The softest of velours or chiffon velvet would be suitable.



7586

7936



Dress 7936

NO. 7936, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 6 yards 40-inch velveteen. Width of skirt is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Panels and bouffant draperies are among the newest of Dame Fashion's ideas.



Dress 7394



7938

7394

NO. 7394, MISSES' EMPIRE DRESS (suitable for small women); straight skirt, pleated or gathered; in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 45-inch gabardine for dress. The width of the skirt is 3 yards.

OUTDOOR MODES



Dress 7926
Transfer Design No. 723

NO. 7926, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); body and sleeves in one; in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch twill, 1 yard 30-inch satin. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Transfer No. 723 (10 cents).

No. 7932, MISSES' COAT SUIT (suitable for small women); two-piece skirt in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 57-inch serge. Skirt, 2 yards wide.

No. 7920, MISSES' EMPIRE COAT (suitable for small women); with or without cape. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch velours, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

No. 7922, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch plaid, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch plain material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Coat Suit 7932



Empire Coat 7920

Dress 7922



7926



7920



7932



7922



Coat 7902

Dress 7918
Transfer Design No. 811Dress 7398
Transfer Design No. 833

Dress 7454

NO. 7902, GIRL'S MILITARY COAT; with or without cape. Pattern in 7 sizes; 2 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 50-inch velours and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch lining. Particularly à la mode is this smart little coat for it shows the military influence in its trim double set of pockets. It would be charming developed in dark blue and lined throughout with artillery-red flannel. The pattern provides for a full-length cape to go with this coat, which is a very comfortable and stylish addition for fall weather.

No. 7918, GIRL'S DRESS; to be slipped on over the head; two styles of sleeve. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch linen. Braiding is a very important trimming this fall and is used on cotton or wool fabrics. The little dress illustrated is braided with motifs and banding from Transfer Design No. 811 (15 cents). The square-cut jumper effect, front and back, of this dress is quite a new feature and is sure to be becoming, especially to girls of slender build.

No. 7398, GIRL'S EMPIRE DRESS; straight skirt, pleated or gathered. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch gabardine, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27-inch contrasting material for the collar. The Empire style of this frock is very quaint and attractive. The stars embroidered on the belt are from Transfer Design No. 833 (10 cents).

No. 7454, GIRL'S DRESS; two styles of sleeve; two-piece skirt. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch wool poplin, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch silk for collar and cuffs. A wide black patent leather belt is used to finish this little frock. The simple, good style of the model makes it excellent for school.

No. 7768, GIRL'S DRESS; suitable for smocking; two styles of back. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 45-inch plaid serge, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 24-inch or wider contrasting material for collar and belt. Plaid materials are particularly good for fall and most attractive for girls' dresses. Transfer Design No. 600 for smocking on small view (10 cents).



7902

7918

Dress 7768

7768
Transfer Design No. 600

7398

7454



Jumper Dress 7540

Jumper Dress
7502
Transfer Design
No. 830

Coat 7656

Dress 7908
Transfer Design No. 782

NO. 7540, GIRL'S TIE-ON JUMPER DRESS; two-piece skirt attached to underbody. Pattern in 4 sizes; 8 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27-inch striped material to trim. Blue serge and black-and-white striped gingham is a novel combination which is being used this fall.

NO. 7502, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE; dress to be slipped on over the head; two-piece skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 10 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 42-inch material. This frock may be made entirely of one material or with a contrasting guimpe. Transfer Design No. 830 (15 cents).

NO. 7928, GIRL'S DRESS; straight pleated skirt attached to underbody. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch plaid material and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards same width plain material as shown. A novel little frock with a star from Transfer Design No. 833 (10 cents) embroidered on the tie end.



Dress 7928
Transfer Design No. 833

NO. 7656, GIRL'S COAT. Pattern in 7 sizes; 2 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch velveteen and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards fur banding. The little girl who wears this coat of velveteen and fur is ready for Sunday-school, church or for afternoon calling with mother. Velveteen and corduroy are used a great deal for coats this year and are being shown in a wide variety of colors and qualities. Wool materials, such as zibeline and velours, are also well suited to this smart little coat with its interesting patch pockets.

NO. 7908, GIRL'S TIE-ON OR BUTTON-ON DRESS; with or without shield. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 10 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 45-inch serge, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27-inch flannel for the collar and cuffs. With fastenings reduced to a minimum comes this little dress of sage-green serge, with a white flannel collar embroidered in wool with Transfer Design No. 782 (15 cents). The small view shows the dress developed without a collar and with long pointed pockets on the skirt. Collar and cuffs of plaid silk would also be pretty.



7540



7502



7928



7656



7908

FOR THE CHILDREN

No. 7900, CHILD'S BOX-PLEATED DRESS. Pattern in 5 sizes; 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards 32-inch gingham, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch voile.

No. 7916, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRESS; smocked or shirred. Pattern in 3 sizes; 2 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 4 requires 2 yards 38-inch pongee. Transfer No. 838 (15 cents) for smocking.

No. 7904, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Pattern in 3 sizes; 2 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch for collar.

No. 7930, BOY'S SHIRT BLOUSE. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (10 cents).—Size 10 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch material.

No. 6330, BOY'S KNICKERBOCKER TROUSERS; front or side closing. Pattern in 7 sizes; 2 to 14 years (10 cents).—Size 10 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch serge.

Descriptions for page 45

No. 7790, CHILD'S ROMPER AND ONE-PIECE SUN-HAT. Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months to 3 years (10 cents).—Size 2 requires 2 yards 32-inch chambray. Transfer No. 448 feather-stitching, No. 318 scallops (10 cents each).

No. 7556, CHILD'S DRESS; straight skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes; 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 32-inch material, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27-inch for collar.

No. 7508, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Pattern in 4 sizes; 2 to 8 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch serge, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27-inch for collar.

No. 7914, GIRL'S MIDDY OR DRESS-APRON. Pattern in 6 sizes; 2 to 12 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 45-inch linen, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 32-inch check trimming.

No. 7400, CHILD'S COAT AND CAP. Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months to 3 years (10 cents).—Size 2 requires for coat and cap, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44-inch material.

No. 7112, GIRL'S DRESS. Pattern in 5 sizes; 4 to 12 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch corduroy, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch tub silk for collar.

No. 7910, CHILD'S ROMPER. Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months to 3 years (10 cents).—Size 2 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32-inch figured and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27-inch plain material.

No. 6512, BOY'S SUIT; in two styles; knee trousers. Pattern in 4 sizes; 2 to 8 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch kindergarten cloth and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 30-inch contrasting material.



7904

7930

6330

7910

Transfer Design No. 690 (10 cents)

6512

EVEN THE TINIEST ARE REMEMBERED



7556



7508



Dress 7556

Suit 7508



7112

Romper and Sun-Hat 7790
Transfer Designs Nos. 448, 318



Coat and Cap 7400



7400



Dress 7112



Dress 7914



Romper 7910

For other views and descriptions, see page 44

Suit 6512

DESCRIPTIONS OF PATTERNS

Descriptions for page 30

COSTUME Nos. 7934-7917.—Medium size, 39-inch skirt, 32-inch coat, requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch checked material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain material for collar.

No. 7934, LADIES' COAT; in 37- or 32-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, 32-inch length, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch checked material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain material.

No. 7917, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 39- or 37-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 39-inch length, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 50-inch material. Skirt's width, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 7937, LADIES' COAT SUIT; two-piece skirt in 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch material. Skirt's width, 2 yards. For description of waist No. 7944, see below.

No. 7939, LADIES' EMPIRE COAT; in 53- or 43-inch length. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, 53-inch length, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch material.

Descriptions for page 31

No. 7941, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; straight skirt in 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch taffeta, and 2 yards 42-inch flouncing. Skirt's width, 2 yards. Transfer No. 840 (10 cents).

No. 7943, LADIES' EVENING WRAP; straight lower edge. Pattern in 1 size; suitable for any size from 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—This wrap requires 6 yards 40-inch satin.

COSTUME Nos. 7929-7927.—Medium size requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 40-inch Georgette, and 6 yards 36-inch flowered silk.

No. 7929, LADIES' FANCY WAIST. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch Georgette crepe.

No. 7927, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT; one-piece foundation lengthened by one-piece straight lower section, 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 4 yards 46-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard same width for upper part of tunic. Width, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

Descriptions for page 32

No. 7942, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; four-piece skirt in 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch for collar. Width at lower edge, 2 yards.

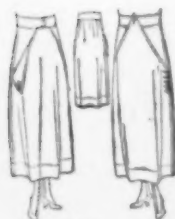
No. 7944, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 38-inch pongee, and 1 yard 15-inch lace.

No. 7911, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 40- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 50-inch material. Width, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 7756, LADIES' COAT SUIT; coat in 42- or 30-inch length; two or three-piece skirt, 42- or 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch material.



7934



7917



7944



7939



7937



7941



7943



7927

No. 7808, LADIES' DRESS; four-piece straight skirt; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch plain, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch dotted foulard, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch Georgette. Skirt's width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Descriptions for page 33

COSTUME Nos. 7899-7791.—Medium size requires, 38-inch skirt, 4 yards 36-inch checked fabric, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain.

No. 7899, LADIES' MILITARY WAIST. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch checked, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch plain material.

No. 7791, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED SKIRT; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 9 sizes; 22 to 38 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch checked, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch plain fabric. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 7915, LADIES' AND MISSES' SHIRT; extra size allowed for shrinking. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Small size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch flannel.

No. 7907, LADIES' SEVEN-GORED SKIRT; 39- or 37-inch length. Pattern in 8 sizes; 24 to 38 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 39-inch length, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 50-inch material.

No. 7803, LADIES' EMPIRE DRESS. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch satin, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch Georgette. Width of flounce, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Transfer No. 822 (15 cents).

No. 7931, LADIES' TIE-ON OR BUTTON-ON DRESS; four-piece skirt, instep or shorter length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 54-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch trimming.

Descriptions for page 39

No. 7695, LADIES' DRESS; round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 50-inch light, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch dark fabric. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Transfer No. 840 (10 cents).

No. 7754, LADIES' BLOUSE. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch striped, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain material.

No. 7711, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT WITH YOKE; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, 3 yards 44-inch material. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 7905, LADIES' JABOT WAIST. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 45-inch material.

No. 7671, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 50-inch material. Width, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 7913, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt, round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 50-inch material. Skirt's width, 3 yards.



7929

UNCLE SAM, LIBERTY AND SOME OTHERS

NO. 7923, LADIES' AND MISSES' FANCY COSTUME; representing Liberty, America or Columbia, with cap and crown. Pattern in 1 size, suitable for any size from 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—The Liberty dress requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material, and 2 yards same width for the drapery. The crown requires 2 sheets of gold or silver paper 17 x 22 inches. The width of dress is 2 yards.

NO. 7901, LADIES' TIE-ON HOUSE DRESS; instep length. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Small size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch figured voile for dress and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch plain voile for collar and pockets. Width, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The style and convenience of this model is such as will endear it to a busy housewife.



Liberty Costume 7923

Uncle Sam Suit 7369

NO. 7369, UNCLE SAM SUIT; for men or boys. Pattern in 4 sizes; boys', 28 breast, corresponding to 10 and 12 years; 32 breast, corresponding to 14 and 16 years; men's, corresponding to 36 and 40 breast (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material for the coat, 3 yards same width for trousers, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27-inch for vest.

NO. 7935, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE APRON; to be slipped on over the head; in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Small size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch fabric.

NO. 7909, MEN'S FLANNEL SHIRT. Pattern in 5 sizes; 15 to 19, corresponding to 14- to 18-inch neck measure (20 cents).—Size 16-inch neck requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 27-inch flannel.



Dress 7901



7909



7901



7923



Flannel Shirt 7909



7909



7935



7369



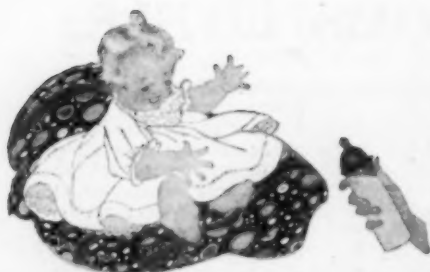
Apron 7935

How To Get McCall Patterns

McCall Patterns (with detailed directions for use) can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern Agency in your locality or ordered by mail by stating the number and size wanted and enclosing the price to

THE McCALL COMPANY

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Before you give your Baby
this bottle—
find out what is in it!

YOU HAVE NURSED YOUR BABY
just as long as you can. Now your milk is no longer enough for that fast-growing body. You must give him something else. Something in a bottle that will take the place of mother's milk.

You know that your baby must have milk in some form, but milk so like your own that baby will feel no difference. Don't put raw cows' milk in the bottle, making that little baby struggle with the stiff curd intended for the four stomachs of a calf.

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Nestlé's Food

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NESTLÉ'S IS MODIFIED MILK reduced to powder form. It is the fresh milk of healthy cows. From it the water has been evaporated, then is added the scientifically correct amount of pure malt, cane sugar and wheaten biscuit. It is then reduced to a dry powder which contains, perfectly blended, just the right proportion of fats, proteids, and carbohydrates to suit your baby's needs and build a strong, healthy body.

To prepare you simply add the right amount of cold water and boil one minute. It is easy for you and it is safe for your baby.

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Send coupon to the nearest office.

Please send me, FREE, your Book and Trial Package.

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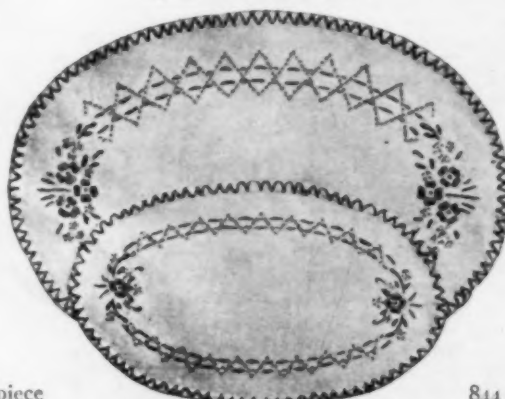
DAINTY NEEDLECRAFT

By HELEN THOMAS

842—Design for Three Oval Doilies. Full directions for colors and stitches given. Largest doily measures 17 by 11 inches; medium size, 13½ by 9½ inches; smallest, 10 by 6 inches.

Matches centerpiece and napkins No. 826 (price, 10 cents) and 6- and 10-inch doilies No. 827 (price, 15 cents). Price of No. 842, 10 cents.

844—Design for Two French Envelope Cases and Two Pillow Slips. Matches sheet No. 845 and bureau set No. 843. Worked in satin-, outline-, eyelet-, and button-



842—DESIGN FOR THREE OVAL DOILIES

hole - stitch. Directions included. Price, 15 cents.

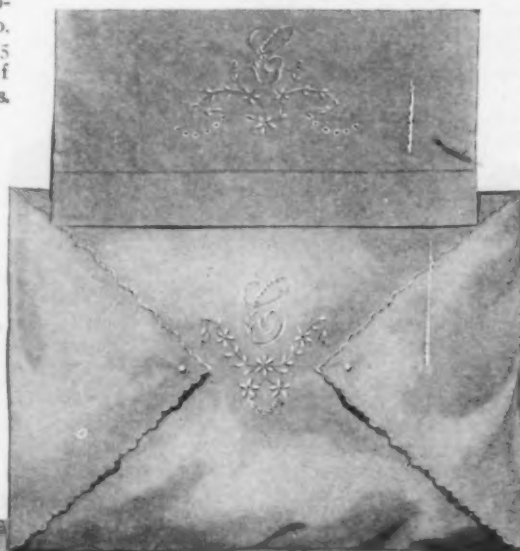
845—Design for Sheet. Embroidered in the satin-, eyelet-, and buttonhole-stitch. Matches pillow-case No.

844 and bureau set 843. Price, 15 cents.

843 — Design for Bureau Set. Matches sheet No. 845 and pillow-cases No.

844. Scarf measures 40 by 16 inches (without file ends). Covers fit 12-inch cushion. Directions for embroidery and file are included with the design. Price, 15 cents.

[Con. on p. 49]



844—DESIGN FOR TWO FRENCH ENVELOPE CASES AND TWO PILLOW SLIPS

845—DESIGN FOR SHEET

INITIAL DESIGN NO. 606. PRICE, 10 CENTS

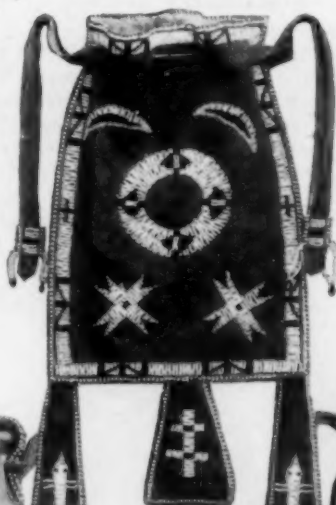


843—DESIGN FOR BUREAU SET WITH EITHER SCALLOPED OR CROCHETED EDGES

DAINTY NEEDLECRAFT

[Continued from page 48]

846—Transfer Design for Indian Bead Bags. The latest novelty. Designed by the real American Indians. Made of chamois skin, silk, satin, or cloth. Without fringe two lower bags measure 6¼ by 7¾ inches, and upper bag 9¾ by 7 inches. In yellow or blue. Directions provided. Price, 15 cents.



846—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR INDIAN BEAD BAG

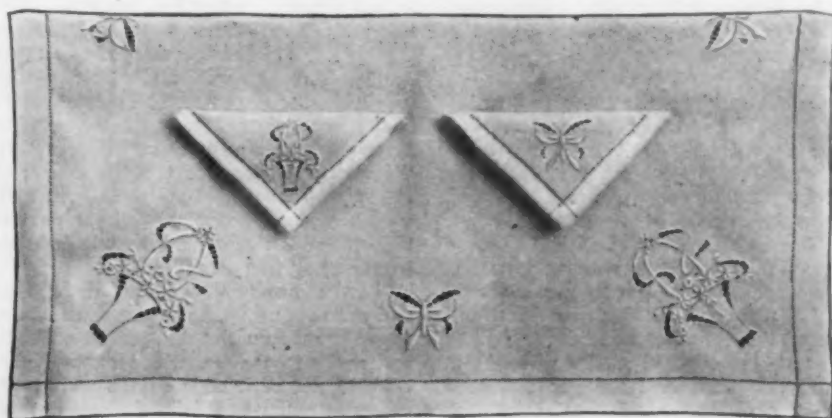
841—Design for Basket and Butterfly Motifs. 6 transfers of each included in pattern. Large baskets measure 6 inches and small ones 3 inches high. Suitable for tea-cloths, napkins, scarfs, bureau sets, and curtains. Embroidered in ladder-work, and in satin- and eyelet-stitches. Directions given. Price, 15 cents.



846—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR INDIAN BEAD BAG

Editor's Note. McCall Kaumagraph patterns can be obtained at McCall Pattern Agencies or post-paid from McCall Company on receipt of 10 or 15 cents. McCall's Book of Embroidery includes coupon for free 10-cent transfer pattern. Price in U. S., 15 cents; by mail, 25 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 30 cents.

846—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR INDIAN BEAD BAG



841—DESIGN FOR BASKET AND BUTTERFLY MOTIFS



Giving The Little Tots Instant Postum

is quite in order, for this pure and wholesome drink, now so extensively used in place of coffee, is a real health drink for all the family.

Children should never be allowed coffee, and many grown-ups, finding that it disagrees, quickly realize the benefits of improved health when a change is made to

POSTUM

There are no drugs or other harmful ingredients in this beverage of delightful flavor. Then, too, there is real economy in its use, for unlike coffee, it can be made instantly—the exact number of cups needed.

Delicious

Healthful

Economical

"There's a Reason"





"I wonder how she does it! I spend twice as much on clothes as she does and yet she has more dresses and they always have a style that I can't buy."

"Why, don't you know? She makes all her own clothes. She learned at home through the Woman's Institute."

Learn Dressmaking at Home

Through the Woman's Institute you, too, can learn at home, in spare time, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats and save half on everything. You can make last year's dresses over into stylish new garments. You can make fashionable dresses from inexpensive materials.

Wonderfully simple and practical courses explain every detail. Graphic pictures show just what to do.

If you wish, you can take up dressmaking or millinery as a business. Our training fits you to secure a position with good pay or to open a shop of your own.

What Some of Our Students Say

I am so proud of the dress I have made. My clothing bills are less than half what they were before.

Mrs. JAMES WALTON, Pocatello, Idaho.

I have made many interesting garments from the instructions. They seem to have an individuality that you do not get from a ready-made garment.

Mrs. J. MacLEAN, Providence, R. I.

I have earned enough making dresses for relatives and friends to pay for my entire course.

Miss DOROTHY HAMMELING, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Have made four hats from old materials and like them better than any I have ever had and have always paid \$5 to \$8 dollars for my hats. Have never before made or trimmed a hat.

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AN AUTUMN SCHOOL FROCK

LESSON 79—THE HOME DRESSMAKER

By MARGARET WHITNEY

ONLY a few more weeks of vacation, then back to school books and studies!

This is the call for mothers to begin getting their girls prepared for school, for the end of a summer vacation invariably finds a schoolgirl's wardrobe much the worse for wear, and it has to be replenished with a good many new things.

The first thing is an autumn school frock, and when I say autumn school frock, I am sure that nine out of every ten mothers immediately picture their girls in trim navy blue serge dresses. Serge has been so thoroughly tested and tried there is no doubt as to its being one of the most practical materials that can be selected, and it goes without saying that a woolen dress must be in readiness for the first cool days.

Of course, I am not forgetting that there is gabardine which is just as smart and serviceable as serge, and there is also wool poplin which stands the wear and tear of school life very creditably. All of these wool fabrics are excellent. In colors, navy blue has very few rivals, but there are pretty, dark reds and dark greens which may be more becoming to some girls than blue, and there are so many attractive plaids which girls are always fond of.

A dress that will satisfy any youngster's ambitions, without a doubt, is No. 7908 for it is far different from all the blue serge school frocks that have gone before. While it is somewhat on the order of the dresses that her bigger sisters wear, it still retains that girlishness suitable for girls of this age.

This is a new model with a tie-on or button-on waist. It is trimmed with gingham which is considered quite a novelty, as this serge and gingham combination is one of the very latest ideas for fall. A red-and-blue checked gingham makes the collar and cuffs and the pocket laps as shown in Fig. 1. These colors are especially effective on dark blue, but you

may select your gingham to harmonize with any color you may decide to have for the dress. There are so many kinds of gingham there should be no difficulty in getting one to go with any color. In place of gingham, plaid silk could be used just as well for the trimming. The quantity of material required for a fourteen-year-old girl will be $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 45-inch serge, and $\frac{5}{8}$ of a yard of 27-inch gingham.

Of course, this dress is suitable for younger girls as well. The pattern may be had in 6 sizes; from 4 to 14 years. The price is 15 cents. If your daughter happens to be younger than fourteen, you can use this dress for her just as well. The pattern, which is bought according to age, tells on the envelope how much material to get for each size.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE DRESS.—The chief feature of this dress is the tie-on waist. It may seem complicated at first, but it is not a bit so, and the detailed view of the construction in Fig. 2 will make it quite clear. The back of the dress, you see, is cut in one-piece and the front of the skirt is gathered at the top and attached to the belt between the small circles at the lower edge of the belt which are marked on the pattern. On either side of the front of the skirt the belt extends and fastens independently at the center-

back. In the front, the waist crosses with the right side lapping over the left, then the sash ends which are cut in one with the front of the waist are tied at the back (see Fig. 3). The other back view shows the sash ends cut off and buttoned instead of tied.

In the construction view (Fig. 2) you will see how to finish the edge of the waist. Line the collar with thin lawn or organdie and apply to the waist, sewing the inner edge to the neck edge of the waist with center at center-back of waist and notches

[Concluded on page 51]



FIG. 1—NO. 7908, A SCHOOL FROCK FOR FALL MADE OF NAVY BLUE SERGE WITH COLLAR, CUFFS, AND POCKET LAPS OF CHECKED RED-AND-BLUE GINGHAM



AN AUTUMN SCHOOL FROCK

[Continued from page 50]

matched. A bias underfacing is then applied along the entire edge of the waist, continuing along the sash ends. This should be sewed $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch from the edge, which is the seam allowance.

The sleeve has a pleat at the lower part, which is made by folding over the front edge at the perforations on pattern and lapping over the back edge as notched. Baste and stitch on the outside close to the folded edge.

Line the cuff as you do the collar, and apply to the lower edge of sleeve according to instructions on the pattern. The pointed end is lapped over the straight end. This cuff is different from the straight plain cuff, but is not any more difficult to make. When the sleeves are made with cuffs attached, sew into the armholes with the double notches matching and the single notch at the top of the sleeve meeting the shoulder seam. If there is any fullness at the top of the sleeve, it may be eased in by gathering the top of the sleeve and afterward shrunk out in the following manner. Dampen a thin piece of muslin, then lay it over the sleeve and press with a hot iron until dry. Be careful not to scorch the sleeve in doing this.

THE POCKETS.—A touch of gingham or silk, whichever you may use, at the top of the pocket forming a lap makes these long, pointed pockets doubly attractive. If you line the entire pocket, you will find it easier and more practical, for the top of the pocket may be turned over to form the lap instead of applying a separate facing, which is another way of treating it. The perforations on the skirt indicate exactly where the pockets are to be placed. Of course, these are patch pockets which are simply turned under $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch and stitched along the outer edge. If you do not care for the pockets, they may be left off and the style of the dress will not be spoiled.

ABOUT THE HEM.—The pattern allows for a 3-inch hem with $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch allowance for turning under. The large circles at the lower edge of the dress mark where the skirt is to be turned

up. If this length is not just right, it may be changed to suit your particular requirements.

The length of a girl's skirt is very important. If it is made too short or too long it will entirely spoil the effect of the dress. It is generally safe to judge the length of the skirt by making it midway between the knees and the top of the high shoes. If a girl is very tall for her age, she should wear her skirt a little longer than the average-sized girl would. There is nothing that makes a long-limbed girl look more awkward than having her skirts too short. But beware of erring on the other side and making them too long. No matter what her age may be, her skirts should be lengthened in proportion to her height.

To finish the hem of the skirt, especially as it is not a straight skirt, it is much neater and less troublesome in the long run to bind the edge of the hem rather than to turn it under. If the skirt is not made of wool material, of course this does not apply. The lower edge must be cut quite even before the binding is sewed on. The turned-under edge is more apt to be bulky than the bound edge when having it stitched on the machine.

The side seams of the skirt are finished off at the top with a placket extension on the side-front and an underfacing at the corresponding edge at the back of the dress. When the dress is adjusted, the back edge laps over the front, making the extension necessary at the side-front of skirt.

This dress is provided with a detachable shield and standing collar, the use of which is entirely optional. If this shield is used, it might be made of white piqué or flannel. It is a good idea to have the shield on hand so that it may be used if required at any time. On cold days it may be very desirable.

Editor's Note.—Write to Mrs. Whitney concerning any difficulty you may have in selecting designs or materials for your autumn wardrobe this season, and she will be glad to assist you if you will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.

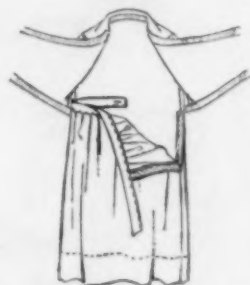


FIG. 2—A CONSTRUCTION VIEW OF THE DRESS SHOWING HOW THE SKIRT IS MADE WITH BELT EXTENSION TO FASTEN AT THE BACK



FIG. 3—THE BACK VIEWS AND OTHER FRONT VIEWS OF DRESS NO. 7908



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THE NEW EMBROIDERY

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

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10642—BOUDOIR CAP

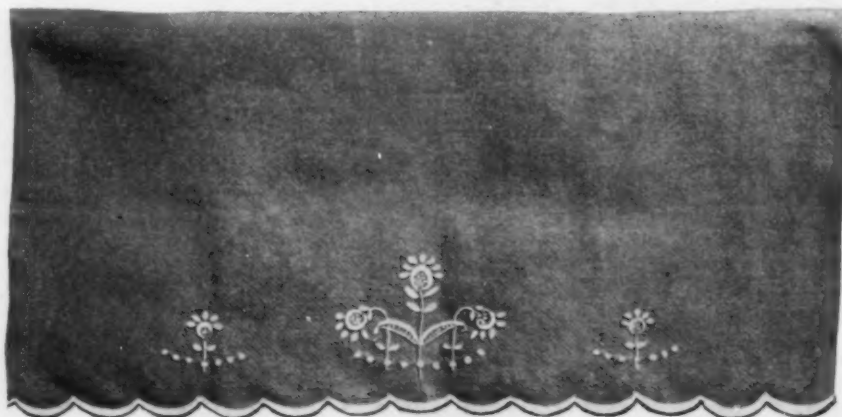
10643—Laundry Bag. To be worked in French knots and in the solid-, outline-, and eyelet-embroidery. Stamped on 22- by 36-inch white crash, including cotton to work, 35 cents; free for two 75-cent subscriptions. Stamped on 22- by 36-inch pure tan or cream linen, including cotton to work, 55 cents; free for three 75-cent subscriptions. Cotton cord with tassels for the top, extra, 10 cents. Perforated pattern, 10 cents.



10643—LAUNDRY BAG

10644—Towel. To be worked in outline-, solid-, and seed-stitch-embroidery and French knots. The edges are buttonholed. Stamped on a fine quality huckaback guest towel, 17 by 27 inches, including cotton to work, 30 cents; free for two 75-cent subscriptions. Stamped on fine linen huck guest towel, 15 by 27 inches, including cotton to work, 60 cents; free for three 75-cent subscriptions. Stamped on good quality huckaback, 19 by 36 inches, including cotton to work, 45 cents; free for two 75-cent subscriptions. Stamped on linen huck, 20 by 36 inches, including cotton to work, 90 cents; free for four 75-cent subscriptions. This towel design is especially attractive worked on white with dainty colors—blue or pink. Perforated pattern, including stamping material, 10 cents.

[Con. on page 53]



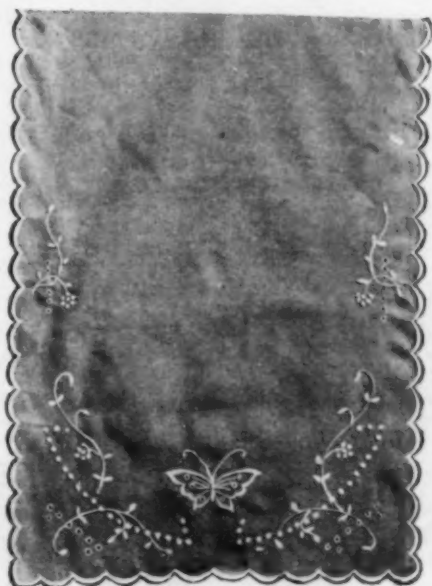
10644—TOWEL



THE NEW EMBROIDERY

[Continued from page 52]

10645—Bureau Scarf. Extremely effective in white worked in solid-, eyelet-, outline-, and buttonhole-embroidery. Stamped on 18- by 36-inch imitation linen, 30 cents; on 18- by 48-inch imitation linen, 40 cents; on 18- by 58-inch imitation linen, 50 cents. Stamped on 18- by 36-inch pure white linen, 55 cents; on 18- by 48-inch pure white linen, 75 cents; on 18- by 58-inch pure white linen, 95 cents. Embroidery cotton, per dozen skeins, extra, 30 cents. $\frac{1}{2}$ perforated pattern, including stamping material, 10 cents.



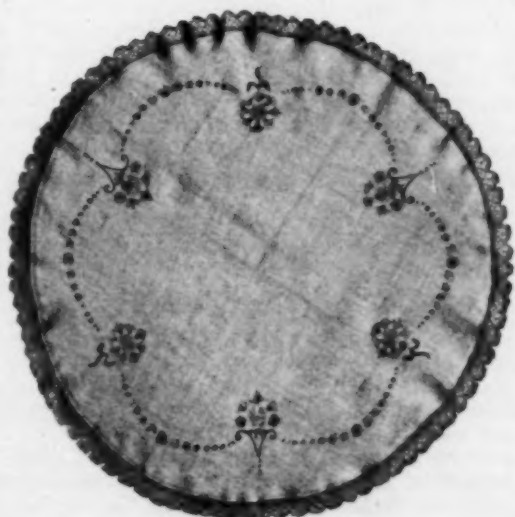
10645—BUREAU SCARF

10646—Pincushion Cover. To match scarf No. 10645. Stamped on imitation linen, including cotton to work, 20 cents; stamped on pure white linen, including cotton to work, 35 cents; free for two 75-cent subscriptions. Perforated pattern, 10 cents.



10646—PINCUSHION COVER

10647—Round Table Cover. To be worked in outline-, solid-, and



10647—ROUND TABLE COVER

thousand - petal-stitch embroidery. Stamped on 36- by 36-inch imported tan linen, 75 cents—free for three 75-cent subscriptions; stamped on 45- by 45-inch imported tan linen, \$1—free for four 75-cent subscriptions; stamped on 72- by 72-inch heavy tan crash linen, \$2.75. Colored embroidery cotton to work, per dozen skeins, 30 cents. Tan linen fringe, 2 inches wide, per yard, 10 cents. Perforated pattern (section only) with stamping preparation, 36-inch and 45-inch sizes, 10 cents. Perforated pattern (section only), 72-inch size, 25 cents.

Editor's Note.—Perforated pattern of any article, 10 cents; materials at prices designated, postage prepaid. Fast colors in floss guaranteed. Send your check, money order, or stamps to McCall Co., McCall Bldg., 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y. Patterns for articles not carried by McCall agencies.



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THE ONE-WHEELED CART

By JO L. G. McMAHON

IT was market day. Everyone was excited. All the little shops were filled with everything the peasants liked to buy from the villagers. But they weren't excited about that. Under the great, big, colored umbrellas in the market-place were all the fresh, green things from the country that the villagers like to buy from the peasants. But that was nothing new; it had always been so on every market day.

What really had surprised them all was the appearance of a curious little cart right in the middle of the crowd. Nobody had seen it come, but there it was.

Now most carts have four wheels and many have two, but this had one wheel and a goat—a little gray cart with an old brown goat and a great, big, round, red wheel.

Seated in the cart was a deeny man dressed in green.

"Who are you?" asked the people.

The deeny man smiled.

"I'm 'Hweesh,'" said he in a whisperly little voice.

"Where are you from?" inquired a peasant.

"From?" softly answered Hweesh. "from? Oh, I'm from many other places," and jumping down, he began to unharness the goat.

When he had unbuckled the straps and the goat stepped out, the cart tipped over on its side, with the big, red wheel on top, and out upon the ground tumbled the queerest collection of things: toy balloons and silver chains and books and hats and cakes and jumping-jacks and pocket knives and goodness knows what else and where it all came from.

Hweesh gathered up everything and arranged it on the wheel.

"Why it's a store!" exclaimed a peasant.

"Yes, it's a counter," said the baker boy.

"What an interesting, one-wheeled cart!" said one to another.

"Yes, I thought it up myself," said Hweesh, shoving the old goat out of his way, making the bells on the ends of its horns go, "tinkle, tonk, tink."

By this time, everyone in town had heard of the deeny man, and one by one

and in twos and threes everyone came to buy.

Two soldiers bought a parrot (one paid for the bird and one for the cage) and a peasant bought a mousetrap for his little girl at home and another soldier took a parasol, and the shoemaker's wife got a saw and then exchanged it for an accordion which the mayor had just bought.

Hweesh was the busiest merchant in the market-place, and the pile of goods upon his counter grew smaller and smaller and the pile of coins in his hat grew larger and larger, until by noon, the hat was full and there was not a thing left on the wheel to sell.

He was tired, the goat was asleep, and all the people were hungry and went to their dinners. The villagers went to their homes and the peasants sat under their umbrellas and opened their lunch baskets. It was hard to tell which interested them the more, their dinners or the deeny man, for as they ate, he was all they talked about—he and his cart and the old brown goat and the things he had to sell.

ABOUT the end of mealtime, they heard the sound of bells, "tinkle, tonk, tink, tonk," very faint and sweet.

"The deeny man's goat!" said one.

"The deeny man?" exclaimed somebody else. "I supposed he had gone. He had nothing more to sell."

"What can he be about?"

"Let's go and see him again."

And they did.

The baker boy got there first. And what do you think he saw? There stood the deeny man marking time with his finger and before him stood the goat solemnly nodding his head and the bells went, "tinkle, tonk, tink, tonk, tinkle, tonk, tink." The cart was there as they had left it, but all around the edge of the wheel were little, fluttering flags, and a sign on a stick read, "2¢ a Ride, Side by Side."

"Ooee!" cried the baker boy, "it's a merry-go-round."

"Oo, hurray! hurray!" "Hi!" Hurray!" cried all the children, crowding and crowding around the wheel.

[Concluded on page 55]



THE ONE-WHEELED CART

[Continued from page 54]

"One at a time, one at a time," softly spoke the deeny man, and once again he became the busiest person in the market place.

Each child who could get two cents gave it to him and had a glorious ride, and to all those little children who had no money Hweesh gave a couple of pennies apiece so they, too, might have their fun.

Four or five would seat themselves on the wheel with their feet in toward the center and then Hweesh would join them. Bracing his feet and grasping the edge of the wheel, he would pull and tug and haul until they began to move, and the harder he hauled the faster they flew, 'round and 'round and 'round, and the old brown goat kept nodding his head, "tinkle, tonkle, tink."

ALL afternoon they rode and rode, turn and turn about, until the sun sank low in the sky. Then the deeny man said:

"We'll stop now. 'Tis time you were home to your suppers and time for me to go."

"Go? Where?" questioned the children.

"Back again," said Hweesh, and he harnessed up the goat.

"Good-by, friends," he added, climbing into the seat, "I hope you'll remember me."

"We will, we will, we will," they all cried.

Smiling back at them, he drove away and they all stood watching him jog down the road, "tin'-le, tonk, tinkle, tonk."

It grew darker and darker.

Suddenly a little girl spoke, "I can't see the deeny man. Where has he gone?" The cart and the goat are there, but he seems to have disappeared.

"He's still there," answered a peasant, "but you can't see his green clothes against the distant trees."

"Oh!" said the little girl.

It grew darker still.

"I can't see the cart," said the man who kept the pie store.

"No, nor the goat," said a soldier. "They are gray and brown like the road. But we still can see the wheel."

"Sure enough," laughed the baker boy, "what a funny sight! A big, red wheel, rolling along alone."

Bye and bye that too went out into the dark.

Nothing was left of the deeny man.

"What a wonderful one-wheeled cart!" said the villagers and the peasants.



One wheel and a goat!

THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 17]

"But the noises of a railroad station might have drowned even raised voices," objected McLane.

"I think not. Norcross and I conversed in our ordinary tones, and heard each other without difficulty."

"Then with you and Norcross at one vestibule, and the porter at the other, and no sound from the interior of the car, I think it can be safely assumed that Tilghman was poisoned between the time the train first pulled into the Atlanta station and your return to the smoking-car from your luncheon, Shively," argued McLane. "How long were you at luncheon?"

"Let me see—about twenty-five minutes, I imagine."

"And how long was the train detained?"

"Two hours; but passengers commenced returning fully half an hour before the train started north;" Shively paused. "The mystery surrounding this crime has had a powerful attraction for me, and I have, of my own volition, employed expert detectives. They report that the hunt has narrowed down to two men—Yoshida Ito and Julian Barclay."

"What is the evidence against the Japanese, Ito?" asked McLane.

"Sifted down, it amounts to little," admitted Shively slowly. "Ito and Tilghman had a fisticuff shortly before we reached Atlanta; Tilghman compared the

[Continued on page 64]

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THE NEW SPORTS MIDDY

By FRIEDA VAN EMDEN

A SPORTS middy in which the tennis girl can safely attempt the highest smashes or volleys, in which the golf girl has freedom to swing for a long drive, and all this without fear of disconcerting rips in the seams under the arm, sounds too good to be true. We all know how important a spot "just under the arm" is in any garment, and above all the sports clothes, in which one has to be perfectly comfortable to be able to give one's best play.

Sleeves that seem roomy, like kimono sleeves, are most of the time impractical, for if not cleverly cut, they tend to bind on top of the upper arm. Sleeves that are too wide look bulky; the close-fitting kind again are out of the question. Even in the ideally fitted waist, well made as it may be, the armpit will be the first to show wear. The new sports middy (Fig. 1) has no seams in the armpit or any other place, for the material is crocheted together and conforms closely to the body without binding anywhere.

Much of the striking effect is due to the contrast between the color of the material and that of the crochet cotton used. For a white middy, old-rose, blue, green, or violet cotton makes an attractive color contrast; and for a colored middy, black or white cotton.

Again, a combination of two colors in the cotton, like black and violet; and for a colored waist, white and a cotton matching the material is very pretty.

The neck of this middy may be finished with a long chain-stitch lacing to be drawn through the crocheted edging of the neck and down the front slit (Fig. 1), or it may be closed with buttons of the same material and chain-stitch loops, the latter to be crocheted on at regular intervals on the right-hand side of the slit.

A crocheted belt two inches wide, attached to the waist at either side by chain-stitches gives the middy a finishing touch. It is fastened underneath with snappers and on the overlapping part with a button and chain-stitch loop.

For children, too, this style is practical. It means more durable clothes for the kiddies and a great time saver in the end as it may be developed in the heavier cotton materials, like saten and cotton poplin that need no starching and little ironing and that can be worn until winter. The little slip-on dress shown here (Fig.



FIG. 1—SPORTS MIDDY WITH NEW CROCHETED FINISH

2) is simple to make and unusually attractive with white crocheting over blue material. The same style is equally effective in white in the dainty colored crocheting for contrast.

For a school garment this little dress is ideal.



FIG. 2—CHILD'S ONE-PIECE MIDDY DRESS

Editor's Note.—Directions for making the sports middy and the child's dress will be sent to anyone on receipt of ten cents in stamps and a

stamped, self-addressed envelope, or directions for one garment on receipt of a stamped envelope and five cents in stamps.

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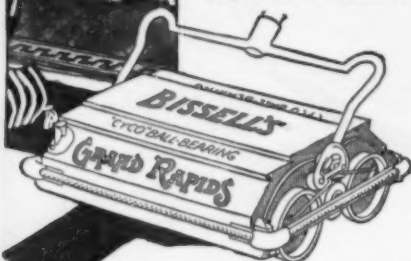
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Send two cents for postage.



THE GREAT IDEA

(Continued from page 13)

"Why won't you come in and dine with us?"

Janet had quickly reflected that this was Wednesday, and that on Wednesdays there was always a brand new roast. The bi-weekly clean tablecloth was probably at that moment being unfurled by Hannah. And the tablecloth is something to consider, when there is, in your family, a Timmy.

"I'm sorry," said Paul. "But I'm dining out. Won't you please ask me some other time?"

"How about next Wednesday?"

"I'd love to come."

The minute Paul left her, Janet's problems skipped out and confronted her afresh. Beside the old ones she had walked up-town with, there were some new, less definite, but infinitely more disturbing ones. For the first time in her young life, she wondered if the selfish things you allow yourself to think—without accomplishing them—make a change in you, and are perceptible to people who are keen.

Merrill, however, was no such mind-reader as Janet's conscience was trying to make him out. The change that Janet noticed in his manner was due to his dismay at the thought that if fifty dollars was only half enough to buy furs, what must women's clothes cost as a whole. Paul was getting forty dollars a week, which had looked rather munificent—until now.

There was, in his father's house, a portrait of his mother in the hall. As he went in, he switched on the lights and stood in front of it. How full of understanding she looked! How gracious! The portrait had been painted when she was twenty-five; and, in it, she looked as if nothing could harm or hurt her. And yet—she had died when he was born.

When he had been a little boy, he had often talked with her—when the Aunt who kept house wasn't looking. Even after he had grown up, he couldn't seem to discard the habit of the picture. When in doubt about things, he would sit in front of it and smoke. One of the reasons why he had first liked Janet was because she had the same sweet, direct look as his mother. To-night she had shown him a new side: she had been so shy and strange and sophisticated, all at once, about those unimportant—Furs.

"She knows that fifty dollars is a lot to spend, and it's bothering her," he remarked to his mother's picture. "And she doesn't know what to do about it."

The sound of the ancestral Merrill clock, reproachfully striking the half-hour reminded him that he would be late for dinner if he didn't dress at once. He was dining at the Orchard's. Mrs. Orchard had known his mother; they had, in fact, attended the same school. To-night, Paul

was to make a fourth at auction bridge. Cousin Evelyn Somebody-or-Other—oh, yes—Banks—Cousin Evelyn Banks was visiting Margaret and her mother.

Toward the end of the dinner, as Paul sat in the Orchard's great, luxurious dining-room, with the three beautifully gowned women, the natural thought came to him that life would be rather easy for a man if he were to marry into such a home as this. Even if one was not in love with Margaret Orchard, she would never jar; not with all that beauty. And there would be no bother about—furs and how much they cost.

"I ordered lemon-meringue pie for dessert," Mrs. Orchard was saying. "I thought it would be fun to have it because your mother simply adored it, Paul."

He would ask Mrs. Ogden about the cost of woman's clothes. Having made up his mind to this, he decided to wait until they returned to the drawing-room, in order that he might stand when he propounded his question. He always felt more at ease standing.

"Mrs. Orchard," he asked suddenly, "how much do a woman's clothes cost?"

Mrs. Orchard bristled with importance. She was one of the practical, positive people of the world, and doted on statistics.

"It costs what a woman has to spend. If you have twenty-five dollars, you can get a suit for twenty-five. If you have fifty, you'll pay fifty. And thirdly, Paul, if you have brains, you will manage, somehow, to look as well in your twenty-five dollar suit as in a two-hundred-dollar one. I've been poor, and I know."

Cousin Evelyn smiled up at him in her enigmatic, lazy way, and remarked: "You must be thinking of marrying, Mr. Merrill!"

"How can I help it, in your presence?" the rather embarrassed young man surprised himself by saying. Cousin Evelyn was in the forties, and stoutish.

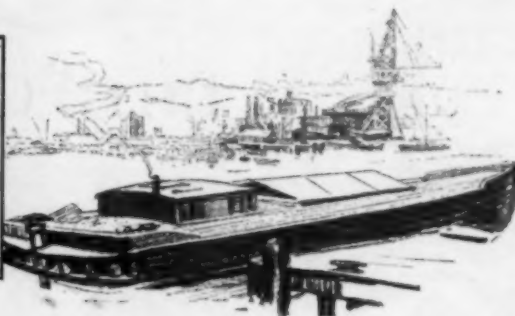
"Really, Paul," praised Margaret, delightedly, for she loved to hear pretty speeches—"really, Paul, you are getting to be a tremendous social success."

Thinking—of—marrying! Why—er—was that the reason he had taken the matter of Janet's furs so personally? Was Cousin Evelyn a witch, or was she just putting things into his head?

"When Margaret marries," continued Mrs. Orchard, in her best-club-president-tones, "she is to dress on what her husband can afford to give her. I shall make her presents, but I shall not dress her better than her husband's circumstances warrant. Of all feminine weakness—why, a woman told me—"

"Oh, do let's have our auction," begged Margaret, who, having always had

(Concluded on page 60)



Mrs. Capt. Curry—

How she washes her dishes under difficulties

ON a search for odd places where dishwashing is done, I found the canal boat "Mary and Winnie of Lockport, N. Y." moored alongside a big grain elevator at Weehawken, New Jersey.

Mrs. Curry, the Captain's wife, was talking with a neighbor on the deck. But when I asked to see her cabin, she broke off the conversation to take me down a short, steep stairway. It led into the most compact little home I have ever seen—all in one room.

A large cooking stove filled one corner. The combined kitchen-dining-parlor table occupied the centre. The bed stuck out a foot from the wall opposite the stove and then disappeared in the darkness under the stern deck. Three chairs and a wash-stand blocked most of the remaining space.

If Mrs. Curry hadn't been a woman so slender and active, she never could have squeezed through from the bed to the stove at all.

"You see you've caught me with some dishwashing to do," said Mrs. Curry, pointing to some cups and saucers and plates on the table; "and I'll just finish up if you don't mind—it won't take but a jiffy."

"Go right ahead," I said, and then catching a glimpse of a box of Gold Dust but pretending I hadn't: "What do you use for washing your dishes?"

"Gold Dust," she answered. "And so does my married daughter, and we both keep recommending it to all our friends. What do *you* use?"

"Gold Dust, too," I replied with a smile.

"Well, I began twelve years ago," said Mrs. Curry. "You see these canal boat cabins get pretty stuffy in summer. We don't like to keep the stove going any more than we can help, and so we don't always have all the hot water we want for dishwashing. Of course, that doesn't matter with the doughy and eggy things, but until I began with Gold Dust, it took an awfully long time to get the greasy ones clean. Now with hot or cold water, you can't get me to use anything else."

In answer to my question she said, with an emphatic nod of her head, "Yes, you can tell anyone you want that I think there is nothing like Gold Dust for washing dishes."

* * * *

DON'T you want to order a package of Gold Dust from your grocer and see how much dishwashing time it saves for *you*? Gold Dust is economical to use—whether in large or small packages. But for Gold Dust results be sure it is Gold Dust you get. It is for sale everywhere.

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THE GREAT IDEA

[Continued from page 58]

enough money, thought the conversation an immense bore.

It seemed, during the next few days, as if every one had conspired to tell him tales of men who had been ruined by extravagant wives. The divorce courts were thronged with men whose troubles had begun with a revolt at exorbitant bills. Much as he wanted to get the thing off his mind, he couldn't quite bring himself to telephone to Janet and ask her what she had done about her furs. It seemed to him that the Wednesday on which he was to dine at the Sheldon's would never, in all this world, arrive. It did, however, finally appear, after hanging back longer than he had thought temporally possible.

It was a very happy family with whom he finally sat down for an informal, home dinner. Mr. Sheldon had a comfortable twinkle in his eye, all the time, which became especially noticeable whenever he looked at Janet. Mrs. Sheldon simply radiated delightful motherliness. Timothy addressed Merrill with ejaculatory, reverential questions about college athletics. And Janet—oh, well, Janet wore a white dress. Seen here before him in the flesh, at last, she looked so dear that he suffered guilty pangs for ever having doubted her. There was an air of sweet breathlessness about her, as if life had suddenly afforded her some glad revelation. Every once in a while, he saw her look at her father as if she had lost him, had been without hope, and then, in an almost unbearably glorious moment, had gotten him back again. After dinner, over coffee, in the wide, cheerful living-room, Paul asked, most casually:

"By the way, Janet, how did the furs come out?"

The way that the four faces before him warmed up and glowed, somehow made him have a lump in his throat.

"Do you want to see my furs?" asked Janet. Without waiting for a reply, she danced up-stairs, and returned wrapped up so expensively, and looking so lovely, that Paul held his breath. The style and general cut of the furs in question reminded him of pictures he had examined in the last Sunday's fashion supplement: pictures labeled "Jacques' Model—Reduced to \$500.00."

"Janet certainly is some girl!" burst forth Timothy, knowing that he would never be scolded for slang in this halcyon atmosphere.

At that moment, Mr. Sheldon, who had disappeared into the hall, returned wearing an overcoat which made him look ten years younger.

"Why—what's happened—all in one short week?" inquired Paul suspiciously. "Has some one left you a fortune?"

Then Janet told him.

While he had been dining at the Orchard's, the Great Inspiration had come to her. She had rushed to the corner drug store, and bought all the adhesive plaster in the place. It had taken her exactly three days to mount her Grandmother Sheldon's coat on this same adhesive plaster. These doings had all been kept a secret from her father. Then had come the woman who made over furs for almost nothing, and she, with some dark-brown velvet, chiffon, and satin, had, for the sum of five dollars—which Janet had been hoarding for another purpose—made the very extravagant looking set of furs which Janet now wore. And then—Janet had walked into her father's office, and surprised him with her furs, and had told him that she wanted to take him shopping with her. Thereupon, she led him into a store where men seemed to be leaping from every corner to try overcoats on him. And the best one of all Mr. Sheldon wore out of the store, after it had been paid for by the now well-worn, but original two twenties and a ten. Well—

"It sounds tame in the telling," finished Janet, "but it was all simply wonderful." She sighed rapturously as she took off the furs, and laid them on the davenport.

Was there ever anything so white as that gown of Janet's, or anything so blue as her eyes? Was there ever so tactful a family as Janet's who, a little later, with plausible explanations, went on their devious ways?

When They Two had the room to themselves, neither one seemed able to speak. Although he didn't know it, there was, in Paul's eyes, the same look which he had worn so often when he faced the unseeing picture of his mother. The girl's eyes turned on him a little frightened.

"Don't, don't look at me that way," she said. "I'm not good enough to have you—think—of me, like that."

"You—you're twenty, aren't you, Janet?"

"Yes."

"I'm twenty-six. Surely—we aren't—too young—"

Up-stairs, directly over their heads, a man was saying to a woman:

"I feel differently about the coal bin. It almost killed Janet when she overheard me telling you what a poor risk my chief in the office is, and she thought I meant myself. I know now, that she loves me more than any father ever deserved. And if she wants young Merrill, she shall have him, if I have to lasso the boy."

"I just tip-toed carefully by the living-room door," said Timothy—his mother and father jumped, because they thought he was studying in his room—"and judgin' by what I saw, the lassoing's already been done."

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TO THE HOUSEWIVES OF AMERICA

THE SECOND ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Editor's Note.—The Department of Agriculture is the central agency of the United States for collecting information regarding the rational and effective use of human food. Further suggestions along these lines will be found in the following bulletins which are available for free distribution upon postal card request: Corn Meal as a Food and Ways of Using It, F. B. 565; How to Select Foods—I, What the Body Needs, F. B. 808; How to Select Foods—II, Cereal Foods, F. B. 817; How to Select Foods—III, Foods Rich in Protein, F. B. 824; How to Select Foods—IV, Fruits and Vegetables, Home Canning by the One-Period Cold-Pack Method, F. B. 839; Drying Fruits and Vegetables in the Home, F. B. 841, 976.

IN time of war as in time of peace, it is not only important, but also essential that the people be well fed. Victory does not depend alone on guns and soldiers; it depends as well on the efficiency of every man, woman, and child back of the firing-line. To maintain this efficiency there must be enough food and it must be so cooked and so combined as to be both palatable and nourishing.

The selection or organization of food in the diet is as important as the organization of an army; a small amount of food rightly combined will give more energy than a large amount badly combined, just as a small disciplined force of soldiers is more effective than an untrained mob.

There is nothing mysterious about planning the cheapest, most palatable, and most nutritious meals. On the fingers of one hand the different groups of foods can be counted thus:

1. Foods depended on for mineral matters, vegetable acids, and body-regulating substances.
2. Foods depended on for protein.
3. Foods depended on for starch.
4. Foods depended on for sugar.
5. Foods depended on for fat.

If all these groups are included in the diet, the body will lack no necessary kind of material. To illustrate:

GROUP 1.—Foods depended on for mineral matters, vegetable acids, and body-regulating substances.

FRUITS:
Apples, Pears,
Bananas,
Berries,
Melons,
Oranges, Lemons.

VEGETABLES:
Salads—Lettuce,
Celery,
Potherbs or Greens,
Potatoes and Root
Vegetables,
Green Peas, Beans,
Tomatoes, Squash.

GROUP 2.—Foods depended on for protein and muscle-building substances.

Milk, Skim Milk,
Cheese,
Eggs,
Meat,
Poultry.

Fish,
Dried Peas, Beans,
Cow-peas,
Nuts.

GROUP 3.—Foods depended on for Starch.

Cereal Grains, Meals, Flours, etc., Cereal Breakfast Foods, Bread, Crackers,	Cakes, Cookies, Starchy Puddings, Potatoes and other starchy vegetables, Macaroni.
--	--

GROUP 4.—Foods depended on for Sugar.

Sugar, Molasses, Syrups, Honey.	Candies, Fruits Preserved in Sugar, Jellies and Dried Fruits, Sweet Cakes and Desserts.
--	--

GROUP 5.—Foods depended on for Fat.

Butter and Cream, Lard, Suet, and other Cooking Fats.	Salt Pork and Bacon, Table and Salad Oils.
---	---

Think of foods in these groups. If possible, see to it that at least one food from each group is served at least once a day. Learn from a study of these groups how to make up your own menus, and how to substitute one food for another in accordance with palatability and price. When laying in supplies of foods, think in terms of these groups. Realize, for example, that when it is difficult to obtain meat, dried beans and peas, dried fish and nuts can be eaten instead, and that the cereals, too, are rich in protein. When potatoes are scarce, rice or cornmeal is an excellent substitute.

A knowledge of these facts will prevent much sickness and useless expenditure of money. Consult with neighbors. Get in touch with your County Agent, your State Agricultural College, or with the United States Department of Agriculture if you want more information.

The war must be won in the kitchens and on the dining-tables of America as well as in the trenches. The Department of Agriculture stands ready to supply information to help the housewife do her bit toward winning this war.

Carl Vrooman
Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

DRIED FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

By S. B. MOSHER

THE drying method of conserving fruit and vegetables, so well known in our grandmothers' day, has been revived during the last two years of war by the housewives throughout Europe. Now it is advocated in this country, not so much as a substitute as a supplement of canning and preserving, and as one of the very best ways of saving small quantities of left-overs.

There are three well-known methods of drying, any one of which may be used with equal advantage: (1) drying in the sun, (2) drying by artificial heat, and (3) drying by air blast or electric fans. The second method is probably most commonly used, although often a combination of the three is adopted by experts in this work. In all cases, however, similar preliminary preparations must be observed. For instance, fruits and vegetables to be dried quickly should be first shredded or cut into thin slices. Blanching is also desirable although not necessary. It is claimed that the blanch gives a thorough cleaning, removes strong odor or flavor, and loosens the fiber.

The sliced fruits or vegetables, whether dried by the sun or by artificial means, must be frequently stirred about in the trays in order to secure a uniform dryness. Ability to tell when the material is sufficiently dried comes only through practice. As a rule, the fruit or vegetable is ready to pack when it is impossible to press out any water from the freshly cut end or to see any natural grain on the fiber when it is broken.

Trays for either sun or artificial drying may be purchased at almost any hardware store or made by the home handyman. They vary in type from the lath trays and galvanized-wire screen trays to those made for use in ovens or over cook stoves, and the stack arrangement placed before an electric fan. The fan method is thought by some people to have a marked advantage in that the product is dried without danger of scorching and tends better to retain its color.

The following are directions for drying the commonest early fall vegetables and fruit. Unless otherwise specified, any of the three methods is suitable to follow after the preliminaries have been observed.

SWEET CORN.—Only very young and tender corn should be used for drying, and it should be prepared at once after gathering.

(a) Cook in boiling water 2 to 5 minutes, long enough to set the milk. Cut the kernels from the cob with a sharp knife, taking care not to cut off pieces of the cob. Spread thinly on trays, and place

[Continued on page 72]

\$4 for \$1

In Average Food Value to Users of Quaker Oats

Do you know that Quaker Oats, in units of nutrition, supplies 180 calories for one cent?

That is six times as much as sirloin beef, six times as much as eggs. It is four times as much as potatoes at July 1 prices, and three times as much as milk.



Six times as much food for the cost as in beef.

The average mixed diet costs four times as much as Quaker Oats, per unit of food value.



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THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 55]

Jap to a yellow negro; and Ito, on being questioned, after the discovery of the crime, gave as his alibi that he was at the public library in Atlanta at the time the crime was committed. However, the difference in Central and Eastern time nullifies that alibi—he may have committed the crime and still have been at the library.

"Then the chief evidence against the Japanese is the question of time," said McLane with growing impatience. "You also contend that Ito took offense at an implied insult given thirty or forty minutes before the train reached Atlanta. Now, I myself do not believe that crime was ever committed on impulse. It was too well planned in its ingenuity."

"That is no argument against the Japanese having been a criminal," said Calhoun dryly. "To me, the plot smacks of the East, and is more far-reaching than we yet imagine, and embraces the murder of James Patterson."

"What!" ejaculated Shively. "You think the two crimes have a bearing on each other?"

"I do."

"You surprise me," muttered Shively, looking dazed. "I saw Patterson for a second in the Atlanta station on my way to the lunch-room. He told Norcross and me that he had decided to take the midnight express to Washington as that would give him several hours more in Atlanta, and he would reach Washington but a few hours later."

McLane sat forward in his chair. "Did Patterson, by chance, encounter Julian Barclay in the station?" he asked.

"I couldn't tell you."

"It was more than coincidence which brought Tilghman, Ito, James Patterson, and Julian Barclay together, perhaps unknown to each other, in that station; it was Fate," said Calhoun solemnly. "I haven't a doubt but that in sifting out one crime, we will clear up both."

"Heavens! Tilghman's death is mysterious enough without having another murder hinging on it," exclaimed Shively impatiently. "There is one point which has not been brought out. Tilghman, after his scuffle with the Japanese, borrowed a flask from Julian Barclay."

McLane's hand closed with some force over his chair arm. "How did you make that discovery?" he asked.

"The brakeman who passed through the smoker just after the scuffle, saw Barclay hand a flask to Tilghman. Unfortunately, the man was hurt in an accident, and did not appear at the inquest." Shively paused, then resumed more quietly: "I sent Barclay back to the empty smoker after removing Tilghman's body, and he thus had ample opportunity to recover his

flask and remove all trace of his crime."

"But what motive had he in poisoning Tilghman?" demanded McLane excitedly.

"The loss of a large sum of money to Tilghman during a game of cards."

Calhoun shook his head. "No, too thin," he said curtly. "A deeper motive than that lies behind the murder. Tilghman was coming to Washington on a special mission, and he had with him valuable state documents. Their possession cost him his life."

"I examined Tilghman's personal effects and luggage," exclaimed Shively in bewilderment, "and I found no sign of their having been disturbed or searched, nor did I see any valuable papers."

Calhoun smiled enigmatically. "Did you not? Then the murderer must have secured the documents and left no trace of having done so. The loss of these documents may do the United States irreparable harm."

"Then, in Heaven's name, let us find Ito," cried McLane, springing to his feet.

"Finding Julian Barclay would lead to the same result," protested Shively. "They are in collusion."

Calhoun looked at him oddly. "Not a bad idea," he said, rising. "I must be going, McLane; I have to see Chief Connor of the Secret Service. But one more question, Doctor, before I go"—as he spoke, Calhoun turned back from the door held open by McLane—"do you recall whether the shade of the window by which Tilghman sat was pulled down?"

"It was."

"Thanks." And Calhoun joined McLane in the corridor.

CHAPTER XXI

Charles, the butler, stared in dismay at the untasted breakfast sitting temptingly before Walter Ogden. Not a dish had been touched, and twenty minutes had elapsed since he brought in the food, hot from the kitchen. The perturbed butler took a hesitating step toward Ogden, but a glimpse of his face behind the morning paper, and its forbidding expression, caused Charles to retreat on tiptoe.

Charles had been out of the room but a bare five minutes, when Ogden threw down his newspaper, poured out a cup of coffee, drank it almost in one gulp, and, leaving his breakfast uneaten, walked heavily away from the table. His destination was his wife's bedroom, and he found her sitting before the mahogany dressing-table arranging her hair, with an absorption as to detail which admitted no hurry.

"I won't be very long," exclaimed Mrs. Ogden, catching sight of her husband's reflection in the mirror. "Go down and

[Continued on page 66]

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THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 64]

get your breakfast; don't wait for me—I can't be any quicker than I can."

Mrs. Ogden could not break herself of the last phrase; it was invariably a red rag to her husband, whose impatient disposition chafed at being kept waiting, even for an infinitesimal second. He did not retreat as Mrs. Ogden hoped he would, but, instead, advanced into the bedroom.

"Send your maid away," he directed, scowling at the pretty French woman, and Mrs. Ogden, with a resigned expression, directed Céleste to wait in her own room until she rang for her. When the door had closed behind the maid, Ogden jerked a chair forward and planted it by the dressing-table.

"Well, what do you think of the papers?" he demanded.

"The papers?" repeated Mrs. Ogden, "I haven't had time to read them; well, you needn't be provoked," offended by Ogden's impatient snort, "it's your own fault; if you didn't insist on my breakfasting down-stairs, I could read the papers in bed."

"Here is the 'Post,'" Ogden thrust the newspaper into her hand. "Read this account of the inquest," and, at the word 'inquest,' his wife seized the paper with avidity.

"What do you make of it?" he asked, as she lowered the paper.

"I don't know exactly what to think," she answered. "I wish I had been permitted to sit in the court-room and listen to the other witnesses testify."

"That is neither here nor there," interrupted Ogden, rudely. "Have you seen this miniature of which Ethel speaks?"

"No, never." Mrs. Ogden reread a paragraph in the paper. "Strange she never showed it to me!"

"And the ring"—Ogden rumbled his heavy white hair until it stood upright—"was the ring given to her by James Patterson or Julian Barclay?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Seems to me,"—Ogden rose abruptly—"it's time you found out what is taking place in this house!" and he banged out of the room before his astonished wife could question his meaning.

Mrs. Ogden contemplated her reflection in the mirror in indecision; she was more perturbed than she cared to admit, even to herself. Completing her dressing with no sign of haste, she summoned her maid and ordered her breakfast served in her bedroom, and between dainty bites of hot toast and marmalade, again read the newspaper account of the inquest; but she did not linger over the particular paragraphs which had so excited her husband, instead concentrating her attention on Julian Barclay's testimony. At last throwing the paper aside, she wrote out the

menu for the day, the orders for the grocer and the market man, and dispatched them to her cook by Céleste; and, with the relief occasioned by having completed her morning's work, she went in search of Ethel.

A faint "come in," answered Mrs. Ogden's rap on Ethel's door, but she stopped abruptly, on beholding the room in darkness.

"Bless me! Why don't you pull up the shades, Ethel?" she asked. "Do you know it's nearly noon?" And, not waiting for a reply, she hurried across the room and pushed aside the blinds. "Brr; every window open!" she ejaculated, shivering. "And the steam heat turned off. Ethel, you are incorrigible! Do you want to have pneumonia?"

"No such luck!" muttered Ethel, and Mrs. Ogden, busily turning on the cock of the steam radiator missed the remark. "Do you want me for anything, Cousin Jane?" getting up as she spoke.

"Just to chat with you," Mrs. Ogden ensconced herself in a big chair, first taking the precaution to slip on Ethel's sweater which lay on a nearby sofa. "My goodness, Ethel, I don't believe you slept a wink last night!" getting a good look at her as she moved toward her bureau.

"I couldn't sleep," acknowledged Ethel. "That is why I stayed in bed this morning." She paused to gather up her underclothes and returned to her bed, on which she perched. "Nothing exciting has occurred, has there?"

In spite of Ethel's effort to keep her voice indifferent, a trained ear would have caught the undertone of pent-up anxiety and fear; a fear of herself, of Julian Barclay, and of Detective Mitchell, which had kept her a prisoner in her room. Her night had been a night of horrors. Her faith in Julian Barclay had been shaken to its foundations by the discovery of the powder-stained flannel and Charles' unintentionally incriminating remark—Julian Barclay had occasion to clean his revolver on the morning after James Patterson had been murdered by a shot from a revolver; and Barclay had surrendered that self-same revolver to the detective cleaned, and each chamber containing a loaded cartridge.

"Coincidences," Ethel had told herself, "all coincidences," but the mere word brought little comfort as she twisted and turned on her pillow. Detective Mitchell did not look like a man who would place confidence in coincidences; and Ethel, toward daylight, had fallen into fitful slumber, dreaming of Julian Barclay, handcuffed, standing in the prisoner's pen, while she, Ethel, testified against him. The nightmare had seemed so realistic that

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THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 66]

she awoke cold with fright, but with one resolve firmly taken; for weal or for woe she would befriend Julian Barclay; and until he, himself, confessed his guilt, she would believe him innocent.

Mrs. Ogden's sudden descent on her bedroom had aroused her dormant fear of Mitchell; had he acted precipitately after his discovery of the powder-stained flannel, and had Mrs. Ogden appeared to break the news of Julian Barclay's arrest?

"No more excitements here, thank Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Ogden, having taken her time to make herself comfortable. "My nervous system won't stand any more cyclonic outbreaks. I've been spending the morning reading accounts of the inquest; here, glance at the 'Post,'"—flinging the newspaper across the bed—Ethel, but half dressed, perused the article with feverish haste, and she, like Mrs. Ogden, lingered longest over Julian Barclay's testimony.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Mrs. Ogden finally, unconsciously repeating her husband's question to her earlier in the morning.

"I wonder what the Japanese, Yoshida Ito, and James Patterson were discussing," replied Ethel, laying down the paper and resuming her dressing.

"You think they met?"

"Julian Barclay states so, according to this article!" and Ethel glanced curiously at the older woman.

Mrs. Ogden shrugged her shoulders. "As Ito is still a fugitive from justice, and poor Jim dead, we are not likely to know what they talked about, nor can Julian's statement of the meeting be confirmed."

"You doubt Julian's testimony?" and Mrs. Ogden had the grace to blush under Ethel's scorn. "You, his own cousin?"

"Well, my dear," she began, moving uneasily, "Julian has sometimes, eh, prevaricated. I remember, as a boy, he used to tell the most abominable stories to get out of going to church, and I—I—have reason to fear the habit's grown on him—prevarication I mean"—she added confusedly. "Have you ever caught him in a—eh—evasion?"

It was the one thing in which Ethel had caught Barclay, and she winced at the question. "Oh, pshaw! what is an evasion?" she asked with assumed lightness.

Mrs. Ogden sighed. "Some people attract trouble," she said gloomily. "Julian is one of them."

Ethel selected a silk waist from the bureau drawer with care. "Has Julian spent many years in the Far East?"

"I don't know how long he was out there," answered Mrs. Ogden. "We haven't met for years until this winter. Julian has traveled ever since the death of Cousin Julian Barclay, senior—he adopted him."

"No, I wasn't aware of it." Ethel dressed more slowly; she had tried before, but unsuccessfully, to get Mrs. Ogden to discuss Julian Barclay, and she was determined to learn something of him now that she was at last in a communicative mood.

"Yes, Cousin Julian left him all his money as well as his name—"

"Then Julian's father was—?"

"William, Cousin William," Mrs. Ogden added quickly. "Both Julian's parents died while he was young, and he was brought up by Cousin Julian, the most eccentric, cantankerous old wretch!" Mrs. Ogden paused breathlessly. "No one grieved when he died, and his will just about saved young Julian from—What do you want, Céleste?" she asked abruptly as the Frenchwoman appeared.

"Mrs. McLane is down-stairs, Madame."

Ethel paused, conscience-smitten. "Oh, I asked Lois to lunch with me, thinking you were going to the Van Alstyne's today, Cousin Jane, and I never thought of it again until this minute."

"I am glad you did; I like Lois McLane," answered Mrs. Ogden. "Ask her to come up-stairs to Miss Ethel's room, Céleste." She waited until the maid had disappeared; then turned to Ethel. "What about this miniature business? You never told me that you had had one painted of yourself."

"I—I—meant to," stammered Ethel, taken by surprise. "I will some day."

"Who made it?" Mrs. Ogden was not to be put off.

"The artist? I don't recall his name." Ethel brushed a stray curl into place. "The miniature was a—surprise to me, Cousin Jane."

"Humph! Jim Patterson was always doing the unexpected." Mrs. Ogden, deterred by Ethel's manner from too close questioning, was trying, by indirect means, to elicit information. "Did he give you the ring, too?"

"No."

Mrs. Ogden left her chair and faced Ethel. "Did Julian Barclay give you the ring?" she demanded, looking straight at her, but evasion was far from Ethel's mind.

"He did," she said simply. Her eyes, however, told more than she knew, and Mrs. Ogden suddenly saw her through a blur of tears.

"What have I done?" she stammered, laying her hand almost imploringly on the girl's shoulder. "God forgive me for ever asking Julian Barclay here!" and, turning, she stumbled blindly from the room, and, passing Lois McLane in the hall without a word of greeting, made her way into her bedroom and flung herself on her lounge.

[Continued in the October McCall's]

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YOUR BAD POINTS

COMMON-SENSE BEAUTY TALKS

By ANNETTE BEACON

THE girl with a poor figure can hope to secure its perfect development through gymnasium, swimming-school, or boudoir exercises; the girl with a bad complexion has but to be cautious as to diet, and careful as to all her bodily functions, to acquire the smooth, soft, pink-and-white skin she covets; "but what am I to do?" says the girl with large ugly ears, the girl with disproportionately long arms, and the girl with a scar on her cheek.

It is perfectly true that there is no exercise which will make long arms short, and no personal care that will transform ugly ears into pretty ones, nor many chances of obliterating that scar.

Yet, after all, every one of us, the beautiful as well as the plain, has some bad point. If we have a rose-leaf complexion, large, heavy feet may be the cross we have to undergo; if airy, fairy feet are our lot, made apparently to ravish the eye in trim pumps or graceful high shoes, then, ten to one, our eyes are too close together or our nose turns up—not in the tantalizing fashion of the magazine heroine, but in a flat, unlovely, conspicuous pug.

You may be sure that not even the most lovely woman upon whose portrait you have ever gazed, was physically perfect. Her lovely attributes merely eclipsed her imperfections. Therefore, do not lament over your shortcomings, but take a perfectly frank inventory of them, as well as of your good points, and then use your ingenuity to minimize the former and make the most of the latter.

The face makes the first impression, and it is well to remember that the arrangement of the hair has much to do with making it pretty or otherwise. The

effect of lovely features may be spoiled by too much forehead. The woman who can stand having her hair brushed smoothly back, wearing it rather high, is to be envied; it is a smart way of dressing the hair, but requires a personal style to carry it off, and clear-cut features almost beyond reproach.

The average woman should realize that her face probably cannot stand this severity of outline,

and should be careful to train her hair to lie irregularly on her forehead. If the hair has been worn in

rather prim fashion, the shaping of it to the new lines is somewhat difficult at first; but strands can be gently loosened so that the forehead line is made irregular, and invisible hairpins utilized to keep them in place. Tying a piece of thin net about the hair for an

SOFTEN A
HARSH FORE-
HEAD BY TRAIN-
ING THE HAIR

hour after dressing it helps in the training. After a time the hair gets shaped to its new course, and falls naturally into position.

Where the ears are large, outstanding, or otherwise unbecoming, the hair again is the useful agent of concealment, for it is rarely indeed that we are supposed to gaze upon an ear in these days. The hair should be loosened above the ear and allowed

to cover it partially or even completely, at the same time extending a wee bit onto the cheek. Don't understand me to be endorsing the weird loops and bunches of hair that we sometimes see protruding fantastically onto the cheek, for these are the acme of bad taste and have nothing in common with the soft fall of the hair which merely extends the forehead line a bit lower at the ear and gives an attractive, graceful contour to the face.

[Concluded on page 70]





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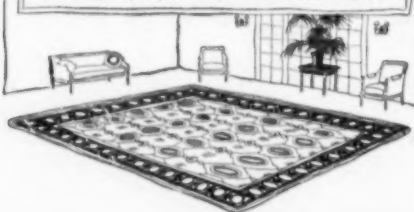
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YOUR BAD POINTS

[Continued from page 68]

Long bony arms with prominent wrist bones and obtrusive elbows are trying to their possessor. Exercises will develop them, of course, and so conceal the bones, but, alas! there is no way of taking away any undesirable inches. The girl who has arms of this type should avoid short sleeves. She can secure somewhat the effect of short sleeves by having her gowns made with whatever length sleeve she desires, but always wearing under them slightly full sleeves of very thin net, gauze, maline, or chiffon, gathered into a narrow wristband with points falling over the hands, or into a finely tucked band of the net; or the sleeve can be made wide at the wrist, ending in an inch-wide casing and a tiny ruffle, black velvet or other ribbon being run through the casing, and tied, or fastened with snappers, to fit the wrist.

By using the net undersleeve, the arm is somewhat concealed as well as softened in outline, while the effect of coolness is still maintained.

The girl with the bony neck does not properly belong in the catalogue of those who have bad points inflicted upon them by Nature. She is responsible for that neck, and it is perfectly possible for her to fill it out to smooth, pretty roundness. Diet, exercise, with occasional massage, will remodel neck and shoulders, but, in the meantime, she should wear soft chiffon scarfs; loose, wide, standing folds of chiffon or tulle in the necks of silk or crepe gowns, and net chemisettes, with or without close-fitting collars, with her tub frocks. She should always wear something soft and filmy over neck and shoulders.

A double chin is another bad point which cannot be blamed on Nature. Here, neck exercises, diet, and massage will help in reduction; and the wearing of a rubber chin bandage at night induces perspiration at that spot and helps to break down the superabundant tissue.

A too short waist is not the fault of its possessor, but can be remedied and concealed, with the exercise of a little care and ingenuity. The short-waisted

woman should be very careful in putting on her corset. Never should it be taken off or donned without the lacings being loosened to their utmost. It should always be laced so that there are strings to tie, not only at the waist, but about two-thirds of the way below the waist. In putting on, it should be settled at the proper waistline, fastened in front, the garters fastened (three for each leg—front, back and side), and the lower set of strings drawn snugly and tied. This prevents the corset riding up, and thus raising the waistline.

All slackness of the strings below the waistline should next be drawn up, and the corset tied at the waist.

If a woman has been accustomed to putting on and taking off her corset without unlacing, she will find her waist at least an inch lower after adopting this method.

Such a woman should not wear short-waisted gowns, unless she is very slender, and she should never wear gowns with the waistline narrowly defined. Wide, loose girdles which extend considerably below her waistline will conceal her defect and add to grace of outline.

Trimming at waistline should slope down in a pointed effect from the side of the waist to below the middle of the waistline. Unless one is very fleshy, gowns somewhat loose in outline are effective for the too short-waisted figure.

Many girls complain of ugly finger-nails. Of course that is a remediable fault. Three times a week, after soaking the hands and rinsing, rub over each nail a bit of cold cream, into which powdered pumice stone has been mixed. There is a clever little pair of tweezers on the market made to hold some tiny rubber pads for rolling back the cuticle at the base of nail. It is a most effective way of training the half-moon to show. The hands should be washed again, after this treatment.

Editor's Note.—Miss Beacon will send directions for a rubber chin-bandage, a depilatory, a pumice cream, or developing exercises for neck or arms, to any one on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.



AN UGLY EAR CAN BE HIDDEN BY HAIR

LOST—A KINGDOM

[Continued from page 23]

many Russian soldiers were fighting at the front, without a thought of sparing themselves, in the service of their country.

The soldiers at the front, whom she often visited, simply worshiped her. They detested the Empress, whom they would scarcely consent to salute, but whenever Tatiana Nicolaiewna appeared, she was greeted with shouts of enthusiasm. They called her "Nachka Tatianouschka," "Our little Tatiana," and whenever they saw her pass, in her white apron and kerchief of a sister of mercy, they crowded around her, and begged her to bless them.

By the side of the two elder Grand Duchesses, their small sisters were encouraged to imitate their example, and, very probably, would, in time, have also tried to do good around them. But the Revolution came, and, not only deprived them, together with Olga and Tatiana Nicolaiewna of their position in the world, but also robbed the latter of what was far more precious to them than their rank and wealth—of the possibility of service. The committees over which they had presided were handed over to other people, and the two girls, helplessly, saw the greatest interests of their whole life taken away from them, and found themselves, not only prisoners, but also useless members of a society for whose welfare they had worked with such energy.

What will become of them now, it is difficult to guess or to foresee. According to the custom observed in the Russian Imperial Family, the sum of two million roubles was always deposited in the State Bank, in the name of every Grand Duchess on the day of her birth, and the interest of it accumulated until she had reached her sixteenth year, when it began to be paid out to her. To this sum was added whatever the reigning sovereign chose to give her out of his private pocket, when she married, or after his death. This fund has been confiscated, together with the rest of the fortune of Nicholas II., and of his family. The question arises how these unfortunate people are going to live, in the still problematical case that they are permitted to leave Russia for abroad. They have priceless jewels, it is true, but, even if they are permitted to take them with them, will their sale be sufficient to insure for them an existence anywhere approaching the one to which they have been used?

When their father was compelled to abdicate, they were both desperately ill with a complicated attack of measles. They could not even be told of the change that had taken place in their destiny; but they were, alas! to understand it all too soon. Their servants left them in haste, their attendants fled from them. They

[Concluded on page 77]

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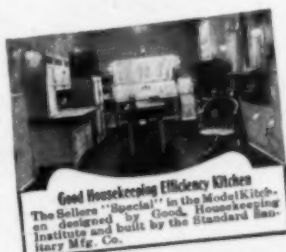
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DRIED FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

[Continued from page 63]

in position to dry. Stir occasionally until dry to obtain a uniform condition.

(b) Boil or steam on the cob 8 to 10 minutes to set the milk. To improve flavor, a teaspoonful of salt to a gallon of water may be used. Drain well and cut corn from cob, using a very sharp and flexible knife. Cut grains fine, only half way down to the cob, and scrape out the remainder of grain, being careful not to scrape off any of the chaff next to the cob. Dry from 3 to 4 hours at 110 degrees to 145 degrees F.

BEETS.—(a) Wash, peel, and slice full grown beets about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick, and dry.

(b) Boil the whole beets with skin until a little more than three-fourths done. Dip in cold water, peel, and slice into $\frac{1}{8}$ - or $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices. Dry $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours at 110 degrees to 150 degrees F.

PARSNIPS, TURNIPS, CARROTS.—(a) Wash, peel, slice lengthwise into pieces about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick, and dry.

(b) Clean, scrape, or pare, and slice into $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch slices. Blanch 6 minutes, remove surface moisture, and dry $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours. Begin drying at 110 degrees F. and raise temperature gradually to 150 degrees F.

ONIONS.—(a) Select well-matured onions and remove the outside papery covering. Cut off tops and roots. Slice into $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch pieces and dry quickly. Store in a light-proof container to avoid discoloration.

(b) Wash, peel, and slice onions into $\frac{1}{8}$ - to $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices. To avoid any unpleasantness, peel and slice while holding under water. Blanch in boiling water 5 minutes. Remove surface moisture and dry $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours, beginning at 110 degrees F. and raising temperature gradually to 140 degrees F.

IRISH POTATOES.—Select good, sound, well-matured potatoes.

(a) Wash and boil or steam until nearly done. Peel and pass through a meat-grinder or a potato-ricer. Collect the shreds in layers on a tray and dry until brittle. If toasted slightly in an oven when dry, the flavor is improved somewhat.

(b) Boil or steam until nearly done, peel as above, cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices, spread on trays, and dry until brittle.

APPLES, PEARS, AND QUINCES.—(Winter apples should be used for this purpose.)

(a) Peel, core, trim, and slice $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick. Dip in weak salt solution containing 8 teaspoonfuls of salt to 1 gallon of water. Spread on trays and dry. It is only

[Concluded on page 73]

DRIED FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

[Continued from page 72]

necessary to dry apples long enough for them to become tough.

(b) Pare, core, and cut into eighths, or core and slice in rings, using fruit or vegetable slicer. To prevent discoloration, as the fruit is prepared it may be dipped for 1 minute in a cold, salt bath, using 1 ounce of salt to 1 gallon of water. Remove surplus moisture and dry at 110 degrees to 150 degrees F., raising temperature gradually. Dry from 4 to 6 hours, and longer if necessary.

PEACHES.—Peaches are usually dried unpeeled, but they will be better if peeled before drying.

(a) Remove the stones, cut the fruit into halves, or preferably into smaller pieces, and spread on trays to dry.

(b) Cut in halves, pit, lay in trays pit-side up, and dry at same temperature and for same length of time as apples.

PLUMS.—(a) Plums are not peeled, but the pits are removed, the fruit being cut into halves and dried like peaches.

(b) Select medium-ripe plums, cover with boiling water, cover the vessel and let stand 20 minutes. Small, thin-fleshed varieties are suitable for drying. Drain and dry from 4 to 6 hours, raising temperature from 110 to 150 degrees F.

When packing dried products, use pasteboard boxes with tight covers, stout paper bags, or patented paraffin paper cartons. This is to insure them against moisture of any kind. In conclusion, every jar or carton should be examined within twenty-four hours after packing, and if the fruit or vegetables appear moist, they should be further dried before being set away for the winter.

DIRECTIONS FOR CUT-OUT

(See page 25)

DIRECTIONS.—After cutting out all parts, paste back and front of Dum and Dee together. Then paste together back and front of their heads as far as their eyes. Slip heads on to their bodies, and secure with a bit of paste. Mount standard on an old post-card. Slip flaps A and B into slits A and B on standard, and paste to under side. Fold umbrella along each rib before joining together. With a large pin, make a hole through the center of brace. Then run paste along its outer edge, and press tightly into inside of umbrella. A piece of broom twig, about five inches long, slipped through the center holes, will give you a strong handle. Tweedledum and Tweedledee can hold this umbrella quite nicely when you slip the handle between their arms.

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ON CHILDREN FIGHTING

By SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG

Author of "Sons and Daughters," "Your Child To-day and To-morrow," etc.

THERE they go again," whined Mrs. Hamner, interrupting her account of how the baby got the measles, as a confusion of noises came in through the open window. "That's the third time since dinner the boys have been fighting. I don't know what to do to make them stop, and I'm so afraid they'll put out an eye or something."

The mother was afraid that the boys would cause each other some serious injury; and she was also greatly irritated by the noise that always accompanied their quarrels. If she could be assured that the children would not cause any serious bodily damage, and if the fighting took place somewhere else, would she still try to "make them stop?"

The practical outcome of a good fight is always a matter of uncertainty. That's probably what makes most parents object to children's fighting. And that's one of the chief attractions that children find in fighting.

The nervous, agitated voices add to the annoyance and fear of the parents. They add to the interest and excitement, so far as the children are concerned.

But the physical injury that occasionally results from the fighting of children, and the injury to the nerves of adults are comparatively trivial. The important question is: What is the effect of the fighting upon the habits and character of the children?

It was Mrs. Hamner herself who complained on another day that it was a shame the way her Sidney would let that Callaghan boy bully him. Mrs. Hamner did not know how to make Willie Callaghan refrain from bullying her Sidney. And she did not know how to make her Sidney stop Willie. The only remedy she could think of was an impossible one. She thought that Willie's mother ought to make him stop; but, of course, she wasn't going to tell Mrs. Callaghan what to do with

her children. And so Willie continued to bully Sidney, and Sidney continued to put up with it, and Mrs. Hamner kept on whining. From time to time, too, Sidney took his revenge out on the skins and comfort of his younger brothers, and of other little boys, which was the natural outcome of a nervous tension.

What Willie needed to make him stop bullying was a good licking from Sidney, or from some other boy of about his own size; but Sidney had been too deeply impressed with the wickedness of fighting, so that he would not take a chance at the real thing, especially as he was assured of a worse punishment at home in case he did yield to the temptation to hit

Willie. As things were, neither of the boys was learning that a fight does not settle anything except the identity of the better fighter. Sidney was learning to wish that he could fight, but never wishing hard enough to learn. On the other hand, Willie was learning that you can get a great deal in this world by intimidating others.

IT is only by means of some real fighting that both boys would have learned that there are better ways of settling differences, and only through real fighting, too, would they have learned both to resent the bullying of others, and to be ashamed of bullying others.

Another complaint that Mrs. Hamner shared with many other mothers was the fact that the children "lose their heads" when they become excited. They say things for which they are afterward sorry. They strike out wildly with their arms and legs. They may become "blind" with rage. This complete loss of self-control during anger is quite normal for very young children, and it does not then produce serious consequences. As children

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THE GAME THAT TESTS TRAINED MUSCLES AND SELF-CONTROL



ON CHILDREN FIGHTING

[Continued from page 74]

grow older, however, it is very important that they should learn not only to keep their eyes open and their wits about them during excitement, but also to do effectively whatever lies at hand. So far we have nothing that will teach children these things so well as the experience of fighting. Whether it be systematic instruction in boxing and wrestling, or random fist-cuffs, the game calls for the delivery of powerful and well-aimed blows and effective parries, under conditions that confuse the senses and weaken the control of the muscles. To keep cool under excitement and to see clearly, and to direct the movements accurately—these are the valuable by-products of good fighting which the child can hardly acquire in any other way.

THE spirit of fighting has another aspect which is generally appreciated, but which is deprecated and discouraged when associated with fighting—and that is the bull-dog's virtue of holding on to the end. If you want to teach your children or Mrs. Hamner's children the virtue of determined perseverance, you might recite to them the verse "Try, try again," or you might hang on the wall of the bedroom the motto "Don't Quit." You will hardly arouse the feelings to the point of doggedness, however, by means of proverbs and mottoes. It is the feeling of desire or of resentment—which in children leads to fighting—that will impress the child with a deep appreciation of the principle of sticking to a purpose, and make him realize the danger of giving up too easily.

In defense of children's conflicts with one another we must not glorify fighting as an end in itself. We must seek to make use of the fighting impulse and of the fighting experience for the purpose of leading the child on to better methods and to worthier motives of struggle. The fact that two brothers do not fight completely dominates the other. When they do fight, we must find for them tasks that will enlist their joint efforts—such as building a house or a wagon. That is to say, we must direct their impulse to mastery into new channels and provide it with new objects. Instead of reducing the life impulses by repressing them, we must transform them into new moods, and attach them to higher aims.

During the years preceding adolescence, in the "gang" stage, the child is found fighting as a member of a group, and often making sacrifices for the benefit of the group or for other individuals in it, rather than for himself. Here, too, we will find him making strong and prolonged efforts in connection with some enterprise that concerns the whole group, but that

[Concluded on page 76]

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Underwear**

to their friends and neighbors. As we have shown them, we can show you a fine independent way to have more money to spend.

We've Helped More Than 13,000

They are now enjoying large and prosperous businesses with constantly increasing sales. With our help their incomes are growing larger everyday. You can do the same as they have done.

Write today! We will send you our beautifully illustrated catalog—shows how easy it is to become a World's Star Money Maker. Protected territory—Prompt deliveries.

We have been in business for twenty-two years.

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
DEPT. 47 DAY CITY, MICH.

For Sore Muscles

here is an antiseptic germicide liniment—one that is healing, cooling and soothing. Absorbine, Jr., is more than a germicide, more than a liniment—it is both. It means prompt relief from aches and pains; keeps little cuts and bruises from becoming more serious.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

It is especially good for children's hurts because it is so harmless and safe to use—made of pure herbs and positively non-poisonous.

Use Absorbine, Jr., wherever a high-grade liniment or germicide is indicated. To reduce inflammatory conditions—sprains, wrenches, swollen veins, or glands.

To reduce bursal enlargements—wens, weeping sinews.

To allay pain anywhere—its anodyne effect is prompt and lasting.

To heal cuts, bruises and sores.

Only a few drops required at an application.

\$1.00 a bottle at druggists or postpaid.

A Liberal Trial Bottle

will be sent you upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
395 Temple St. Springfield, Mass.



AGENTS QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS!
OUTFIT FREE! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Write today.
NATIONAL IMPORTING & MFG. CO., Dept. EM, 425 Broadway, New York

ON CHILDREN FIGHTING

[Continued from page 75]

does not bear any outward semblance to "fighting." It may be the preparation of paraphernalia for some game, or it may be the hard work of the shop or farm in connection with some "contest"—but the exertion is no longer that of punching and beating, and the feelings are far removed from those of anger or hatred.

The qualities that distinguish heroes may arouse the admiration and stimulate the efforts of children. Of course, we approve such admiration and emulation, but we must realize that the qualities come to have meaning to the children only as they represent experiences in which they have taken a real part. Such experiences come to children chiefly in the form of fighting. This should lead us to regard the fighting of children from the point of view of further development, rather than from that of immediate annoyance. Moreover, the constant attempt to repress fighting may only prolong interest in it. Life is a struggle, but the form of the struggle is always changing, and the plane upon which the struggle is conducted should be gradually elevated. It is true that many people grow up with childish habits of resorting to the fists or to backbiting on slight provocation. The remedy for our children does not lie in forbidding resort to force, but in leading them on through new rivalries to team play, to community service, to the highest types of devotion to mankind and to the solution of larger human problems.

TOO GOOD TO HIM

[Continued from page 24]

There was a pause for a moment, then my mother went on: "Unfortunately, there are a good many women in this world who call it 'spoiling' a husband when his wife makes him think that it is the natural and ordinary thing for her to be helpful, and loving, willing, and anxious to do all she can to make him happier. I hope you will not make that pitiful mistake, my dear. Encourage Nick to take it for granted that you are what you ought to be, and try to cultivate the same attitude toward him. And remember," she added, very seriously, "that you are only a human being after all, and never in this world can one human creature be 'too good' to another."

Two weeks later, Mother came in unexpectedly one morning and found me busy in the kitchen. She smiled in her dear, bright way, and asked what I was doing.

"Oh, fussing with a new kind of soup," I answered. "It's ever so much trouble, but Nick is so fond of it—"

Suddenly I flung my arms about her neck. "Oh, Mother!" I cried, "I am trying to be half good enough to him!"



Lift Corns out with Fingers



A few drops of Freezone applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness at once and soon the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off with the fingers without even a twinge of pain.

Freezone

Removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Does not irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or tissue. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a small bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the U. S. or Canada

THE EDWARD WESLEY CO. Cincinnati, Ohio

KEEP SWEET WITH

EverSweet
AN EFFECTIVE AND HARMLESS DEODORANT

THE use of **EVERSWEET**, a dainty white odorless cream, will destroy odors caused by perspiration. A little Eversweet applied to any part of the body gives relief.

It is not injurious to the skin or clothing.

Price 25c and 50c a jar

At all department and drug stores or by mail. Sample sent on receipt of 2c in stamps.

EVERSWEET CO.
(Dept. Mc)
62 Cliff St. N. Y. City



Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.




NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That.

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one can see them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

GEO. P. WAT, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
13 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.





LOST—A KINGDOM

[Continued from page 71]

were abandoned in their splendid apartments, surrounded with the luxury which was the only thing that they had ever known; but not one housemaid could be found to sweep their rooms, or one valet to bring them their food. Had not the Duma sent a doctor to attend the sick family of Nicholas II., it would have missed even medical care. The ingratitude of the world never showed itself in a more brutal manner than during those days when Russia, who for centuries had been prostrated at the feet of her Tsars, forced the last of them to abdicate.

It is related that when Olga Nicolaiewna was told that her father had been taken prisoner, she turned her head to the wall and wept silently; then, addressing the sister of mercy who was sitting at her bedside, she simply said: "All this is nothing, provided I am allowed to be with Papa; poor Papa, he will be the most unhappy among us all. Let me get well, and I shall go and throw myself at the feet of the new government, and ask it for only one favor, and that is to be allowed to remain with Papa." And when the former Tsar at last reached Tsarskoie Sélo, and could proceed to his children's bedchambers, the Grand Duchess Olga extended her arms toward him, with just these few words: "They shall have to kill me, before they do anything to you."

Olga and her sister regretted nothing of all that they had lost. They cared, not a whit, for the splendor, for the pomp, for the luxury in which they had been reared. Their only thought was for their father, and for him alone, and they did not seem to realize that they now stood in the world far more lonely and miserable than all the poor people whose distress they had applied themselves to relieve, for two whole years. They had lost everything, even the pity of others. They would have to leave the home in which they had been born and reared, the palaces and parks of Tsarskoie Sélo and Peterhof, the magnificence of the Winter Palace in Petrograd, the sunny shores of the Crimea, where their vacations had generally been spent, and to leave all this, for what? This is the terrible question to which no one at the present day can find a reply. Shall it be for exile in a foreign land? shall it be for a prison, or for the solitudes of Siberia? Nobody knows, and everybody fears to guess. And these girls for whom life seemed destined to be so bright, on the day when they were born, stand, at present, before the unknown, an unknown which perhaps shall be as tragical as was the life of that other victim of the passions of a Revolution, the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette—the woman whom history was to know as the last Dauphiness.

This Beautiful Embroidered Silk Crepe De Chine Waist

\$1.98

We guarantee to please you or return your money



Comes in Sizes 32 to 44

No. 22C White
No. 23C Flesh Color

Send For Our New Fall Fashion Book It's Free

Silk Crepe de Chine

We Pay Postage

Our New Fashion Book Free America's Most Beautiful Styles

A postal card brings free our new Fall Fashion Guide. It pictures and describes "AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL STYLES", many illustrations in true-to-life colors. Our book will bring to your home thousands of wonderful bargains in all that is best and newest in Everything-to-Wear, all offered at guaranteed money-saving prices.

We Help You Save Money For Yourself and Family

All who want to practice true economy will find our catalog of "AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL STYLES" a sure road to money saving. Our \$10,000.00 Gold Coin Guarantee Bond absolutely protects you against any possibility of loss in any dealings with us. Money back if not pleased.

Write for our Style Book today. Now! We send it free.

CHICAGO MAIL ORDER CO. CHICAGO
Dept. 22C

This popular new style waist is made of fine quality genuine silk crepe de chine, elaborately and artistically embroidered in handsome heavy floral and dotted design. Cut full and roomy. New style collar extends well over back and shoulders. Long sleeves; turn-back cuffs. Closes with pearl buttons.

Order by No. 22C for white or 23C for flesh color. Sizes 32 to 44. Be sure to state color and size desired when ordering. Price, postage paid, only \$1.98.

We contracted with America's largest mills for thousands of yards of waist and dress materials and it is only due to our merchandising foresight that we can now offer you this waist as one of thousands of unparalleled bargains. Do not let this opportunity pass. Write today. Now! Send only \$1.98 and get this beautiful silk crepe de chine waist, postage paid.

Everything to Wear

for Men, Women and Children

Unusual bargains in ladies' suits, coats, waists, skirts, shoes, millinery, furs and furnishings. Overcoats, suits, shoes and furnishings for men and boys, now offered to you at prices on which

We guarantee to save you big money.





\$5 Brings This Superb Art Style Symphonic Piano

Try it in your home a month. Call in good judges of piano value. If you do not consider it the best value ever brought to your attention, the best piano value in tone, design, construction, finish, return it at our expense. You'll do well to investigate this Art Style Symphonic and our other beautiful Symphonic Pianos and Player Pianos.

Ask Today For Your PIANO BOOK

This beautiful illustrated book shows Symphonics in actual colors. You need it before buying any piano or player. Drop a postal today for your FREE copy.

Larkin Co. Dept. MC 917 Buffalo, N. Y.



Button Game for 2 Cents

Send for this fascinating Chalmers Button Game complete with six Chalmers Pearl Buttons to play it with. Chalmers Pearls are made by the world's largest manufacturers of pearl buttons. Color-perfect, strong centers, smooth holes. Quality "A," 5c to 10c a card. Quality "B," less.

Dealers everywhere. Send 2c and your dealer's name for this Chalmers Button Game.

For five empty cards and 5c, we will send you this handsome Solid Silver Thimble Free, any size.

Harvey Chalmers & Son
Amsterdam, New York
We Make 7,000 Buttons a Minute.



Chalmers Pearls

Baby Won't Cry in a Rock-a-Bye

BABY does not have to be watched or amused if he has a Rock-a-Bye Baby Swing. He amuses himself, away from dirt, out of draughts. He can't fall out and the Swing can't break or wear out. The Rock-a-Bye is Strong and durable. Has steel frame, reinforced hangers and heavy, washable duck basket. Can be hung anywhere; easily moved from place to place. No home with a baby in it should be without a Rock-a-Bye.

COSTS ONLY \$1.00

Shipped Anywhere in U. S., Postage Paid. Enclose 15c extra on foreign orders. Send cash or money order for a Rock-a-Bye Swing today. Money back if you and baby are not delighted. Catalogue FREE.

PERFECTION MFG. CO.
2707 N. Leffingwell Ave.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dealers: Write for proposition.



PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

[Continued from page 21]



ALABASTER HANG-
ING LAMP FOR
HALL

An extremely smart floor lamp, carrying strong individuality, and especially designed for use in a Pierrot bedroom, has a pure white enameled base with a grooved standard, the grooves enameled in black, which produces a black and white striped effect that is distinctive. The shade is in the flat Empire style, made of parchment.

For both floor and table lamps, parchment or vellum shades of the Drum Empire shape, ornamented with Dresden or Dutch designs are unique and highly ornamental, while gorgeous effects may be secured by hand-painted canvas shades stretched over thin cardboard. In this type of shade, the background is usually dark, with light-colored designs through which the light can penetrate. Such a one, imported this season, has a black background generously sprinkled with gold dragons; another shows a broad, irregular band of yellow daffodils against a dull green background.

The present vogue of converting into table lamps antique and modern Chinese and Japanese jars and vases and other pieces of pottery modeled along good lines, bids fair to become more than a temporary fashion. Many an unappreciated ginger jar or earthenware bowl owes its prominent place in the decorative scheme of the home to a silk shade reflecting its predominating colors. Jars having wide mouths are easily converted into oil lamps. When electric fixtures are to be attached, a small hole for the wire is drilled through the vase near the base. The necessary fixtures may be purchased wherever electric lighting equipment is sold. Should the piece of pottery be so valuable as to make the risk of breakage unwise, instead of drilling a hole for the wire, it may be dropped down through the top of the shade from the central lighting fixture above the table.

For dens, odd writing desks, telephone tables, and those many small tables distributed throughout the house for various purposes, one may find many unique lamps and candles, which will not only supply the necessary light but will contribute richly to the artistic ensemble. In placing these auxiliary lights, great care must be taken to keep them subordinate to the more important sources. As this method of illumination is apt to produce light spots, choose shades and shields which, when

lighted, produce a mellow glow rather than too obvious a light.

No modern home can be lighted with supreme artistic distinction without wall lights, in the form of electric candle brackets or sconces holding wax candles, and there is practically no room in which wall brackets are not suitable, and no purpose for which they are not designed. There are gold reproductions of French period appliques, copied from the palaces of history, and destined for the sumptuous ballroom of a multimillionaire, and there are simple, self-respecting brackets finished in Colonial ivory or Wedgwood gray for the bedroom of the woman whose belongings must be dainty and inexpensive. Between these two extremes, one may find wall fixtures suitable for any period of architecture and furnishing, and harmonizing with the color scheme prevailing throughout the house.

Even though a home is not equipped with electricity, or provided with wall outlets for side lights, this distinctive touch in lighting need not be omitted from the decorative plan. Sconces holding wax candles are always in good taste. Brass sconces, either of modern or antique design, are the types most often found in correctly furnished houses. Those of hand-carved wood, finished in dull gilt, are often used to flank cheval glasses, and mirrors with

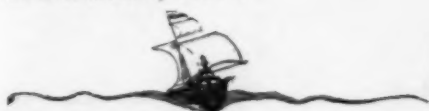


UNIQUE ORIEN-
TAL LAMP FOR
DEN



THE MOST DECORATIVE TYPE OF
LIGHTING FIX-
TURE NOW IS THE
FLOOR LAMP

[Concluded on page 79]



PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

[Continued from page 78]

the same finish. Shades or shields are seldom used with sconces.

In choosing candles and candlesticks, the rule of suitability should be enforced as relentlessly as it is in the more important features of home furnishing. The more unique they are in design, the more possibilities they have for ornamentation, and the more chances there are for their misuse. Ivory finished candlesticks, holding pink candles, would be lovely on milady's dressing-table, but incongruous, to the point of absurdity, upon a substantial desk in the library. A black and red lacquered candlestick, holding a white candle upon which black and red miniature Chinamen chase each other's pigtailed might fit in a man's room or den, but never in a blue boudoir. Again, one can scarcely imagine



PLEASANT CANDLE GROUP FOR MUSIC ROOM



LAMP SHADE OF SATIN IN EMPIRE SHAPE

an antique mahogany table in a stately hall without visualizing massive brass candlesticks holding long, unshaded white candles. Then there are the small tables and writing-desks distributed throughout a house which seem incomplete without some sort of candlestick. The graceful, branched variety holding three, five, or seven candles is especially suitable for the half-round

or oval tables so much used in odd nooks and corners of the home. Bayberry candles give an added charm to dull brass candlesticks of this variety.

There is nothing that can ever rival candles for dining-table ornamentation, either in conjunction with flowers, or as their substitute. Even in so apparently trivial a matter as placing them, however, there are styles which no fastidious home maker disregards. The present vogue is for tall candles in silver holders, unshaded, and placed at each corner of the table, the candles matching the color of the flowers in the center.



BRASS CEILING LANTERN FOR THE MAN'S ROOM

Editor's Note.—Write us if you need any special advice in furnishing your home, enclosing a stamped envelope with your request. We are always glad to help.

Cheering Up Your House Guests

Most of us try to see that our guest rooms are just a little bit more perfect than the rest of our rooms—and especially that they offer more little comforts than the guest sometimes has at home. Many an innovation has started that way.

Just now, the one thing no guest room should be without is Mennen's Borated Talcum. And there—on the shaving stand—don't forget Mennen's "Talcum for Men." It's neutral in tone; because men who have learned the comfort of talcum powder after shaving, are fussy about the pallor that comes with the use of white talcums.

Yes,—Mennen's helps to send your guests away making the right kind of comment.

Some clever housekeepers have two or three tints (Cream and Flesh), as

well as white. And Violet as well as Borated. The variety, of course, costs no more in the long run, and it does add a touch of luxury. Besides—you're sure of suiting your guests' tastes in perfume as in color.

It's amazing how cheerful you'll find a house full of people who have had a rub with Mennen's after the bath.

Comfort does more for cheeriness than any other one thing. And Mennen's means comfort.

It has been making the delicate skin of babies comfortable for nearly forty years. Why should you deny yourself today what your mother didn't deny you—and you wouldn't deny your child?

Use Mennen's generously.

William Gerhard Mennen

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM

Now in the new large-size economical can



TRADE MARK

MENNEN'S TALCUMS—all with the original borated formula that has never been bettered—include a variety to satisfy every need; Borated, Violet, Sen Yang with a delicate Oriental perfume; Flesh Tint and Cream Tint, each charmingly perfumed; and the new Talcum for Men, a boon after shaving, with a neutral color that leaves the face free from the pallor of a pure white powder. Send 5 cents for a trial can of any one brand, or 25 cents for any five.

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.

Laboratories

829 Orange Street, Newark, New Jersey

Canadian Factory, Montreal, Quebec

Sales Agents for Canada:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



NADINE FACE POWDER

IN GREEN BOXES ONLY

Makes the Complexion Beautiful
SOFT AND VELVETY. Money
back if not entirely pleased.

Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. M.

National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U.S.A.

Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S Freckle Cream

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c. per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet.

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair"

Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists.

STILLMAN CREAM CO. Dept. 4 Aurora, Ill.

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCall's Magazine

The Great Interpreter

Those words epitomize the mission of magazines as we in the magazine business see it—to take note of events as they pass and, after they have passed, to weigh their meaning and importance, and thoughtfully to interpret them to the people. That carries with it, also, the quality of discrimination. Magazines are not hurried to press. There is time for both discrimination as to what is worth careful consideration, and for thoughtful interpretation.

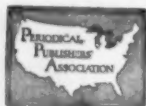
It is in this way that the magazines have *earned* their place in the homes of America; thus they have taken their part in the advancement of national life.

Not by interpretation of news events only, but by interpretation, as well, of life in general. For years the magazines have given to America: (1) the best

of the world's fiction; (2) they have developed and popularized the distinctive American short story; (3) their interpretation of current affairs has kept up-to-date thousands of busy men and women; (4) and all the time they have worked for the American home—along helpful lines of health, pure food, labor-saving devices, and have even campaigned successfully for better babies.

It is upon this universal service to the American people that the magazine business has been built up. It is upon this firm foundation that Magazine Advertising stands and from which it offers a service in publicity which is incomparable.

Have you a product of use to many families which may be nationalized through Magazine Advertising?



PERIODICAL PUBLISHERS' ASS'N
(ADVERTISING DIVISION)
FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING NEW YORK CITY



Ainslee's
American Magazine
Century
Christian Herald
Collier's Weekly
Continent
Cosmopolitan
Country Life
Countryside Magazine
Every Week

Farm and Fireside
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Harper's Bazar
Harper's Magazine
Hearth's
House and Garden
Independent
Judge
Leslie's Weekly

Literary Digest
McCall's
Metropolitan
Mother's Magazine
National Geographic
Outlook
Popular
Red Cross Magazine
Review of Reviews
St. Nicholas

Scribner's
Short Stories
Smith's
Something-To-Do
Sunset
To-day's Housewife
Vanity Fair
Vogue
Woman's Home Companion
World's Work



VARIETY IN HOME MENUS

By MINNIE KARN

Editor's Note.—The following week's menus received second prize in our recent Balanced-Meal Contest because of the proper balance in food elements and the low cost.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Half oranges Cocoa and buttered toast Ham and eggs

DINNER

Pork roast Canned corn Coffee Mashed potatoes Lemon pie

SUPPER

Cold sliced pork Cake (plain) Bread and butter Apple sauce Tea

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Sliced bananas and milk French fried potatoes Country sausage Baking-powder biscuits Coffee

LUNCHEON

Creamed pork on toast (meat left over) Fruit salad Crackers for salad Canned peaches

DINNER

Oxtail soup (canned) Lamb chops White bread and butter Crackers Creamed carrots Cup custard

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed apples Creamed bacon on toast Cooked cereal and cream Coffee

LUNCHEON

Kidney stew Rolls and butter Tea Baked potatoes Sliced oranges

DINNER

Rib roast Mashed parsnips Banana pudding Scalloped potatoes Brown bread and butter Black coffee

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed prunes Browned potatoes Scrambled eggs and bacon Baking-powder biscuits Milk

LUNCHEON

Shrimp salad Shrimp salad Banana whipped-cream cake Crackers Tea

DINNER

Hamburger loaf Stewed tomatoes French rolls and butter Wafers Boiled potatoes Bean salad Lemon water ice Black coffee

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Sliced pineapple Plain omelet Coffee Toast and butter Hominy

LUNCHEON

Cold tongue Potato chips Parker House rolls and butter Junket Tea

[Concluded on page 81]



VARIETY IN HOME MENUS

[Continued from page 80]

DINNER		
Pork chops	Warm saw	Browned potatoes
	Black coffee	Sliced peaches
FRIDAY		
BREAKFAST		
Half grapefruit	French fried potatoes	Ham omelet
		Cocoa, toast and butter
LUNCHEON		
Asparagus salad and mayonnaise		Macaroni and cheese
Cottage pudding		Tea
DINNER		
Baked salmon	Fried eggplant	Summer squash
	Pears	White bread and butter
		Coffee
SATURDAY		
BREAKFAST		
Baked apples and milk	Potato puff	Broiled ham
		Cocoa, toast and butter
LUNCHEON		
Crab salad	Cold boiled ham	Crackers
	Rolls and butter and tea	Stuffed potatoes
DINNER		
Pot roast	Mashed potatoes	Brown gravy
	Ice cream	Green peas
		Cookies
		Black coffee

Editor's Note.—Watch for the economical and balanced menus that will be published from month to month. We shall also be glad to send you our folder of *Economical Receipts and Leftover-Food Suggestions* if you will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request.

SMART HATS FOR SMART WOMEN

[Concluded from page 28]

destined to be one of the most popular hats for afternoon wear all through the coming fall. This particular wool design, applied to the black, and extending from the edge to the headsize, on the under side of the brim, is most simple and effective; but other hats, on similar lines, and carrying out a similar scheme, have applied the wool trimming on satins of many hues, and in many different designs. The first hat suggestive of this original was in dark blue satin, and, instead of an encircling design, there were several conventional motifs of wool all about the under side of the brim. It was but a replica, and yet so individual.

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Tobey will be glad to tell you how to fashion and apply the dots for Fig. 1, and make the bow; describe the wool-stitching on Fig. 2; give directions for combining bias strips and cord for Figs. 4 and 5, if you will enclose a stamped envelope with your request. All your special millinery problems will receive her prompt attention, too.

Send a Postal for it Today



FREE

This New Fall Fashion Book

A glimpse at this Style Book is equal to spending an afternoon on Fifth Avenue—the world's most fashionable thoroughfare. It will show you how you may dress as smartly or as fashionably as the up-to-date Fifth Avenue woman, and do it for little money.

C77. This smart "barrel" dress of rich Silk Poplin exemplifies the most popular and correct style for Fall. No other material is so well adapted to the soft plaits and fashionable draping which form a very charming feature of the dress. New style touches are seen in the deep collar of contrasting color, and the long frilled cuffs which finish the fashionable sleeves. Covered buttons and fancy stitching are effectively used for trimming. The waist has neat lawn lining, and inner belt. Invisible side closing. Colors: Black, Copenhagen, Navy Blue and Green. Sizes: 32 to 44 in. bust; Misses' 14 to 18 yrs. Postpaid, \$6.98.

Silk Poplin \$6.98



We Guarantee To Please You or Return Your Money

C76 Wool embroidery in a soft shade of French gray trims this new one-piece dress of double-ple Serge—one of the most practical styles ever designed for general Fall and Winter wear. The waist is given a smart tailored effect by the well shaped panel. The sleeves are full cut and show the new long cuff. The becoming gathered skirt is joined to the waist by a wide belt of self material. A neat touch is added by the Poplin collar and cuffs. Colors: Black, or Navy Blue. Sizes: 32 to 44 in. bust; Misses' 14 to 18 yrs. Postpaid, \$2.25.

Serge \$2.25

We Pay Mail and Express Charges

Send a Postal for Free Catalog Today

KNICKERBOCKER

MAIL ORDER CO. INC.
Dept. C-1, 142 Fifth Avenue, New York City

"This is my Beauty Preserver"



HYGIENOL
The Sterilized
POWDER PUFF

THE FINEST QUALITY
LAMBS' WOOL
In Individual Envelopes
FOUR POPULAR SIZES
10c, 15c, 25c, 35c
At All Best Dealers
or will be sent direct on receipt of price and 3c extra to cover postage.

MAURICE LEVY, 15 W. 30th St., New York City
Importer of Famous French and English Toilet Products

Look for Lamb's Face in Circle, on all Hygienol Powder Puff Envelopes

Over 1,000,000 Discriminating Women Using

You Can't Have Style Without Perfect Fit—So Use

Out-a-syte
Press Stud
TAPE

These perfect little fasteners are invisible. Studded on special tape—black and white. Quickly attached to waists, dresses, skirts, lingerie, children's clothes. Ensures perfect fitting garments. No bulging—no sagging. Can't tear daintiest fabric. Fasteners stay fastened. Saves garment. Saves time. Removable. Washable. Rustproof. Sold by yard.

If not at your dealer's send 10c for generous sample—also samples of new Out-of-syte SEW-ON fastener.

C. HOFFBAUER & COMPANY
7 West 22nd St. Dept. C. New York

Quickstep Shoe

from Factory to Foot

HAS THE HIGH COST OF SHOES AFFECTED YOU YET?

Join the "Quicksteppers"

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THE ETERNAL PRIVILEGE

[Continued from page 10]

not belong to her, did not even belong to himself, but belonged, body and soul, to his patient. The baby was all that he thought of now. Once, when she crossed the room to turn on the softened lights, he caught sight of her and, for a moment, he was his old, thoughtful self.

"You had better go to bed, Violet. There is no need for you to sit up." When Violet sank back in her chair it was with a feeling of utter loneliness. For the first time in her life, she had ceased to be the person foremost in Herbert's thoughts.

The infant's wheezy breath calmed down as night fell, and Herbert Channing's strained face took on an expression of weary relief.

"Let me watch," he urged Nurse Brangan. But the nurse shook her head and pointed to the little red fingers that clasped one of her own.

"He needs the rest," she smiled, "and, doctor, I wouldn't take the chance of disturbing him."

Edith Brangan was a homely creature. Violet had often wondered why the Lord ever made a woman with those large, plain features and that sparse blond hair of the kind that was never to be attractively coiffured, and those bony, ungraceful hands. She knew now, for to-night Nurse Brangan's face was illuminated by a look of tender concern for her little patient. She had taken the stray baby to her comforting mother heart, and perhaps the love she bestowed upon it had done more toward winning it back to health than Herbert Channing's skilled services.

Later, as Edith Brangan stooped and gathered the baby in her loving, efficient grasp, to smooth out its pillows and make it more comfortable, Violet watched her husband's face. Channing was looking at the nurse with an expression she well knew, an expression of reverent awe.

"You women beat me," he said. "I have been in this business ten years, but I will never learn to handle a baby like that."

By next day, the baby had fought its little battle successfully and Herbert Channing and Nurse Brangan agreed that there was no cause for anxiety. The proper authorities were called, an investigation for the unknown parents started, and the tiny foundling left the Channing home to find its place among the inmates of the city orphan asylum. Herbert went cheerfully back to his work, Nurse Brangan disappeared as quietly as she had come, and Violet was left with the wreck of her once beautiful sitting-room. The episode had been extremely unpleasant; still there was nothing to do, she decided philosophically, but to clean the sofa as best she could; for, somehow, she felt it would not be tactful to suggest new covers.

As for Herbert, Violet had not for one moment expected that an incident so soon disposed of could make any change in him; but changed him it had, as she found in the weeks that followed. At first, she scarcely noticed it, still it made itself constantly felt. Herbert was outwardly his old, adoring self, and yet Violet realized that his feeling for her had subtly changed. For one thing, that little word "Madonna" had quite slipped out of his vocabulary.

Violet had no intention of giving up one jot or one iota of Herbert Channing's love. She knew she had all of it when they married and all of it she was determined to retain. Herbert loved order and beauty in his home; so Violet redoubled her efforts to make their dwelling-place as smoothly running and as esthetically perfect as feminine cleverness could devise. She succeeded. Channing told her proudly that she was, without doubt, a perfect housekeeper. Still Violet realized that he was not whole-heartedly hers as he had been of old.

Herbert, like every man that lives, loved beauty in his wife. Violet planned her costumes with more than usual care, and enhanced her natural gift of loveliness by every art known to femininity. Herbert showed his approval with masculine frankness. There was no concealment of his delight in the bustle of admiration that always greeted them when he stepped into theater or ballroom with Violet on his arm. She was a perfect wife, he assured her fondly, and every man in Wayneville, he was persuaded, envied him.

A perfect home-maker, a perfect wife—but not the woman of his dreams. During those rare evenings, when Herbert sat by the shaded light in his den, reading or watching rings of smoke mount upward from his cigar, Violet, seated nearby with a bit of embroidery in her hands, realized that she did not fill the picture. She felt, with an ever-increasing sense of isolation, that there was a wall between them, a strange, intangible wall, built by the tiny hands of a baby. Some frowzy, soft-eyed woman like Herbert's sister Maud held her place in Channing's dreams, a woman whose face was lined by anxious nights, whose gowns had been mussed by tiny clinging hands, whose busy fingers forever toiled over little garments.

At first, Violet fought against this realization resolutely. She was angry with Herbert, deeply resentful against the little waif that had brought this upon her; but her husband was all in all to her, and, with a wisdom born of love, she played her last card. The country club, where she had queened it as "one of our most popular matrons," saw her no more. Society went on its jovial path without her.

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THE ETERNAL PRIVILEGE

[Continued from page 82]

At first, Violet spent her days in sullen rebellion, although to Herbert she made a gallant pretense of contentment. Thrown back upon her books and flowers, she found that life was not so dull as she had thought it would be. Harriet fumed, and stormed, and predicted the ruin of Herbert's career; but Herbert, a new elation on his face, and a new buoyancy in his step, handled his work with a surer, steadier touch, and Violet saw that there, at least, Harriet was mistaken.

Rebellion gave way to resignation. She ceased to cry when she read the glowing accounts in the social column. She began to make tiny garments, little, dainty, hand-sewn things, so small and soft that they won their way, of themselves, to her heart. Her girl friends came, like the wise men of old, each bearing a gift, and, at night, when Violet showed them to her husband, she began to realize that there were sweeter things in life than bridge-affairs, and thé-dansants.

Spring came, the warm sweet spring, revealing all of winter's treasured secrets, and, one morning, Violet lay quiet on the pillows, her arm about the gift of gifts. Nurse Brangan stood at her side, smiling benignly, and, when they admitted Herbert to the room, she murmured, "A fine boy, Doctor." But Channing pushed her aside and fell on his knees by Violet's bed. His white face told the story of the strain that he had suffered. He did not even see the tiny mite that Violet so proudly patted.

"Madonna, Madonna," he cried, with a sob in his voice; "little mother, how brave you've been!"

Violet saw the look on his face and was satisfied. The wall that one baby had built, other tiny hands had torn away.

Presently she spoke. "Herbert, you remember that little child I found in the fields one day?"

Herbert was puzzled. He had seen so many small lives come and go since then.

"Oh, yes!" he nodded at last, "the little foundling. He's all right. We put him in an institution."

"He must be a big baby now," mused Violet. "I want you to learn his name for me. I must send him some toys and things."

Channing was all concern for her: "Now, don't go worrying, dearest. That baby's well cared for."

Violet smiled and shook her head. A tenderness had sprung up within her, a fostering love for all things small, and soft, and motherless. She drew the tiny bundle at her side closer against her heart.

"You are just a stupid man," she told him; "and you don't understand one bit. The baby's 'well cared for,' perhaps, but he needs some one to love him a little."

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THE BEST HALF

[Continued from page 20]

finished product! Father married Mother when he was twenty-three, and she twenty-one, and they have developed together—and kept young, too!"

"Then it isn't personality or character that matters, but just age—or rather youth," said Terry.

She contemplatively ate a stalk of celery. "You know I don't mean that! Real people are worth loving whether they're seven or seventy! Only one of the things which keeps a man real—and strong, and clean, is the right sort of marriage, in his youth! Look how much nicer married men are than bachelors, after thirty! Do you know one old bachelor of forty-five who isn't as selfish as a pig, and as hard as nails? Only, of course, if a girl happens to love one of them, or a decent widower, she can't stop just because he's older. Only why shouldn't she care for some boy she's grown up with?"

Said Terry with emphasis: "You seem to have thought out this subject pretty thoroughly. And I supposed your whole mind was on your writing—that you modern girls were so keen about your work—"

Ellen laughed a gay little laugh, heart whole, happily impersonal.

"We are, Terry, awfully keen about it, more alive to real ambition than women ever have been before—and not just vicarious, either. But you see the girl who has her mind set on any art or profession wants to get her special training, find her man, marry him, have two or three husky youngsters, and then get down to the real business of living! For the married woman writes better, paints better, thinks straighter, than the single woman—other things being equal."

Terry was thinking of the difference between Ray's angle on this woman question, and Ellen's, but he did not interrupt. And the girl went on in that deep, bright voice of hers:

"You see, her heart is satisfied, so her mind is free! But, of course, I am supposing she has good health and ability of some sort—not just some artificial little parlor talent that fades out in the real wash of life!"

"Ellen," said Terry feebly, "you are shaking up my poor little brain mercilessly."

The light of battle faded from the girl's eyes. She looked at her wrist watch. "Time's up, Terry. You can put me on a bus and get to your students on the dot."

"Bother the time!" said Terry. "Those boys can have a holiday."

"But you see," said the lady calmly, "when I knew your society had a time limit, I made another engagement. Mr. Wickersham, the playwright, is coming

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THE BEST HALF

[Continued from page 84]

around to see a new story of mine. So we have to hustle, for I told him a little after nine."

During the following week, Terry worked harder than ever, but also did a little unprofessional thinking on the side. For one thing, he recalled, with disfavor, the lively countenance of James K. Wickersham. That gentleman had been waiting for Ellen the evening after the restaurant dinner. Terry had gone up to the apartment, had met Judy Doane, Ellen's miniature painter, and a charming little person, and had also met the playwright, finding him an athletic-looking man around thirty who impressed Terry as being bound for the port of Somewhere.

Strangely enough, Terry had hated going to the atelier that night instead of staying with the others in Ellen's living-room. That room's very charm had irritated him. The lights were well-managed, the furniture fine and simple, the rugs, books, and pictures chosen with discretion—in short, a young architect with exceptional training and traditions might feel a trifle piqued at finding so little to criticise—only Terry did not confess all this to himself.

Perhaps ten days later as he was walking up and down Bryant Park at noon, thinking out a difficult technical detail, he chanced to see Ellen going by in a taxicab in the general direction of the railroad station.

"Another of those bally week-ends" he told himself, but a note received a few days later corrected this impression.

Dear Terry:

I have had a bit of real luck, sold a story to one of the greatest High-Moguls of them all, and have an order for another, same background and characters. So I've come here to Wilmington—or rather nearby, on the Delaware—to stay with the cousin who happened to suggest the first story, a dear who is helping me to work like mad. I may stay a week, or a month, or a year—it all depends on how things go.

She also talks of inviting Mr. Wickersham down for some week-end, so we can discuss this playwriting business; but that will come later. Just now, I get to work at eight-thirty, plug away all day, with an hour for lunch, and then, in the late afternoon, walk three miles before dinner.

Incidentally, after he read my story, Mr. Wickersham said that I have the dramatic sense and ought, sooner or later, to write a real, actable play—which is pleasant, only one must discount the possibility of a friend's being prejudiced in one's favor. I'm glad the editors who have bought my stuff are not influenced by the personal equation, which is what the amateur believes sells all our stuff.

I hope the work for the competition goes well. I'm betting on you, so let me know results as soon as there are any. And some day, perhaps in a year or two, you may have an hour off and drop in to see me!

ELLEN.

Terry read this letter several times. He took the time to answer it, wrote three different versions of his letter, and then

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INSTEAD OF WASTE SPACE

By AGNES ATHOL

BETWEEN the back door of my kitchen and the brick chimney which juts out into one corner of the room, there used to be a space measuring seven feet, seven inches by nineteen inches. This part of the kitchen was virtually wasted, because it was too narrow to put a table or large-sized cabinet in it, and the window in the middle was needed for light. When I bought the house, the old gas stove was crowded almost up to the chimney, leaving a chink in which dirt of all kinds was bound to accumulate; and as the only use for all the good light space beneath the window seemed for rubbish boxes or vegetable baskets, this part of my kitchen was a continual problem and eyesore.

I had the kitchen painted last winter—buff walls and white woodwork, enameled for easy cleaning. I had a man for the work, but could just as well have done it all myself, without the aggravating delays incidental to hiring professional painters. It was while everything was moved out of the room, even to the gas stove, which I replaced with an up-to-date one—that I thought out just what could be done with the waste space at the end of the room. My house, I may add, was built by some artistic souls who designed a fascinating living-room, and did not put a shelf or closet of any description in the kitchen! I needed closet room badly, and there seemed at first no way to get it. Finally, after installing the new gas stove as far from the chimney as the dining-room door permitted—almost two feet, so that there was a practical place to put the kitchen waste basket—I called a local carpenter and explained to him what I wanted.

The first requisite was a three-part closet that extended from the floor to the ceiling, and from the wall by the door to the trim around the window. The upper one was intended for storage of supplies, canned and preserved materials—all the pantry stock we would need by the week or month. The lowest one I had divided vertically into two parts; one side was left without shelves, and is just wide

enough to accommodate a small barrel of flour or sugar, or a hundred-pound sack. The other side has shelves for such supplies as I wish to keep separated from the food materials, such as floor or silver polish. The middle closet has its shelves set very close together—about eight inches space between them—and this closet I use for food that does not have to be kept in the ice-box, but is such a problem to dispose of. These shelves are very deep, the full width of the space, and take just a quart jar of preserves or tomatoes without crowding. Left-overs from one meal to the next can be put in here until the

weather forbids, and when it becomes imperative to keep all food iced, I shall have a fresh stock of jams and jellies ready to store in the convenient place provided.

Each closet is provided

with a separate lock and key. All housewives might not find this necessary, but certain conditions in my immediate household make this arrangement an advantage.

From the window to the chimney there was a space of only thirteen inches. Small as it was, it gave me what I had needed so much—a tall, narrow closet in which to put the ironing board, the table leaves, the broom, dust-mop, dust-pan and brush, dusters, and all the paraphernalia connected with cleaning for which even a food pantry provides no place. Two clips inside this closet suspend the broom and dust-mop, so that there is plenty of room for everything.

But the best thing of all is the dresser, built in the remaining space, directly beneath the window, and as close to the stove as one could want it to be. It is finished with a zinc top—carried up a little way at the sides for better cleaning; it has one large drawer and eight small ones, with a space above them for the pastry board. When I lift a hot pan from the stove, I can set it immediately on my high zinc-topped dresser. When I prepare a dish for cooking, or want to take my meat out of the oven to baste it more conveniently, I do not have to take a step. Everything is right at hand.

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INSTEAD OF WASTE SPACE

[Continued from page 86]

In the upper drawers I keep the usual things. Kitchen table ware is in the large one, in baskets, together with implements that cannot be hung up, like the meat-grinder, the sharpener, and cookie cutters. Towels and jelly-cloths occupy another; string, matches, and clean paraffin another. In the six lower drawers are vegetables and fruits—potatoes, onions, carrots, oranges, and lemons. Any housekeeper who has struggled to find a place to put these supplies after they have arrived from the grocer's will appreciate what a joy it is to have them at once convenient and out of sight.

Two little racks take care of my saucepan lids, and a third, which is simply a piece of wood with blocks nailed at intervals between it and the closet behind, furnishes a place to put sharp-edged knives. Laying knives in a drawer is dangerous, and bad for the knives, which soon lose their edge against other utensils. Spoons, skimmers, egg-whisks, and anything that will hang up are placed as close to the stove as I can put them. Behind my stove two strips of wood with hooks are nailed to take all the saucepans, strainers, and other cooking apparatus that will be wanted for use at the stove. I have long since found that with hired help in the house the bottoms of the saucepans are better cared for when constantly out in plain sight. For my own part, I love a kitchen where the tools are plainly displayed; and I do not find that any of those I permit to be hung up in this way have any chance to accumulate dust or dirt, because they are in use so often. Muffin-pans, roasting-pans, cake-tins, and utensils that are only required occasionally are kept in the lower part of my three-section closet.

Anybody who can do simple carpentry work could design a similar arrangement for the space available. The doors and drawers are all made of what is called "stock" sizes, except the tall, narrow closet door, which is simply one length of twelve-inch pine. The carpenter I employed drew a plan of the space to scale, put in the stock parts, and figured out what would be needed. He bought the lumber and hardware, and charged them to me, together with his ordinary rate by the hour for doing the work. I had him enamel the whole thing when it was completed, but painting is a kind of work anybody can do. Old lumber could have been utilized equally well, since the finished product was covered with a fine white dressing. The housekeeper who is dissatisfied with her kitchen should call her husband into consultation and see whether he could not improve it for her somewhat along these lines, making waste space over into a step-saving convenience.

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THE BEST HALF

[Continued from page 85]

mailed the first draft. Having achieved this, he plunged back into his competition plans, working all day, and half the night, yearning for yet more time. The thing he wished to do loomed big; he lost all perspective on the thing he had done. And he had barely time to eat and very little time, indeed, for sleeping.

Then, suddenly, the thing was done, the plans were off. He also had a holiday from night school, and paused to look about him, feeling as flat and limp as a pricked balloon. Being essentially a healthy youth, he turned in early and slept twelve hours out of the twenty-four three nights in succession, and, after this, he was again able to forget his body, and wonder why he felt lonesome—for the first time in his life.

Terry had heard of the loneliness of a great city, and had heartily believed that the people who feared or disliked solitude were a spineless, purposeless lot, lacking personality, punch, the right sort of work. Now he recalled this pigeon-holed conclusion of his—and wondered—

He called up Ellen to find that she was still in Delaware. He then called on all the girls he knew, dined with some married friends, and took an old friend of his sister's to the theater. He was surprised to find how colorless both the play and the lady seemed; he decided that it was his own fault—that he was getting too old for frivolity! So he fell back into the office routine with a sense of relief.

In June, he called up Ellen's apartment again, for the seventh time. This time her voice answered his ring. Terry asked her to dine with him, to name her own time and place. He talked into the receiver with a volubility and eagerness which surprised himself. But Ellen was regretful:

"I'm drestly sorry, Terry. But I've an engagement to-night—no, it's not the brittle kind—I'm so sorry. And to-morrow I'm going away again."

"Why, and where, and when?" Terry demanded.

"Because I'm bone tired, Terry. I've worked harder than I thought I could work—put it over, too, not one story but three, four in all! So I am going down to my newly-wed aunt in Virginia to ride horseback for two weeks in the hills, and forget the existence of editors."

"When?"

"To-morrow morning, Pennsylvania station, ten-o'clock train. And I'm really sorry not to see you, Terry."

"I, too," said Terry briefly. "Good luck and good-by. I envy you the riding—in my own state, too!"

He worked so late that night, in his room, on a country house he was design-

[Continued on page 89]

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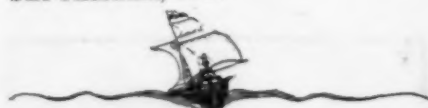
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THE BEST HALF

[Continued from page 88]

ing, that he overslept the next morning. It was long after nine when he swallowed his coffee and hurried out into the freshness of the early summer day. Automatically, he turned toward Park Avenue and the office—to-day at least they would hear from the competition.

Then, to his own surprise, Terry's excellent legs turned traitor. They whirled him around and carried him, with extraordinary speed, in the direction of the railroad station.

"Why, Terry!"

The trim, bright-haired girl in blue pirouetted on her Cuban heels. Even in the huge, impersonal place, swept, and garnished, and lighted with all the uncompromising grimness of a Puritan Heaven, she managed to look individual, radiant, distinguished. Behind her, a porter carried a suitcase and an armful of books and magazines. Beside the girl walked a pleasant, prepossessing young man.

"You've met Mr. Wickersham, Terry?" He was good enough to come down and see me off."

"So was I," said Terry, shaking hands with Wickersham with excessive cordiality. The three fell into step, Ellen in the middle, gaily bound for that remote, mysterious region of departing trains. Terry noticed that the lady wore a large bunch of fragrant violets. He also saw, with dismay, the porter's load of current literature.

"Dolt! Chump!" said Terry to himself. "When lovely young women go off on trains or boats you bring them flowers, and magazines, and chocolates—if you're a real, live man."

At the gate, a blasé official wearily punched Ellen's bit of pasteboard.

Wickersham pressed forward. "I'm coming back," he said to the personage in uniform. His tone was that of the man accustomed to command. But the official may have been a confirmed pessimist, or a bit of a socialist. Perhaps Wickersham was a trifle too well groomed for ten A. M. At any rate, there was a wave of a large, knucky hand, and a terse, "Sorry, but we're not allowed—"

Terry had fallen behind and managed a look of detachment. He fumbled in his pocket, and muttered, confidentially, the magic word: "Mileage!"

The man nodded, punched the next ticket, and Terry shot through the gate to Ellen's side. She waved a regretful hand to the disconsolate Wickersham, and then she and Terry walked down the long platform, side by side. Terry resented less the perfume of those violets. He swung Ellen to the platform, found her chair, and sat down in a seat beside her with a grin of sheer male complacency.

[Continued on page 90]

John Wanamaker

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THE BEST HALF

[Continued from page 89]

"You'll be carried away," said Ellen. "We had only about three minutes to spare."

Terry was examining the contents of his pockets, counting the greenbacks in his bill-fold, scooping up some gold pieces which he invariably carried.

"That's what I'm trying to accomplish, Miss Reed! But I've got to speak to the train porter; I'll be back in a moment."

"But your chair—you haven't any, and this is the Limited—"

But he was gone, hatless, with the air of one whose business is travel, and she stared after him with astonished eyes. Was this Terry, and what had happened?

Presently, he returned, followed by a negro porter whose gleaming white teeth made a cheerful light in the dim car.

"Yas suh. I come from Ferginia myself, suh! They's almost always some seat empty on this train, and ef there's trouble I'll let you know."

Terry hung up Ellen's coat and his own, and sat down contentedly.

As the train slid smoothly from the station, Terry remarked casually: "Washington is five hours away—and I've never been on a train with you before."

"But your work," said Ellen. "The competition—I thought you were to hear this morning."

"I clean forgot the blooming thing," said Terry, with surprise in his eyes. "But I'll call up, long distance, in Philadelphia."

The advent of the conductor brought Terry to his feet. He spoke to that portly person in a carefully modulated voice. Ellen heard the crisp rustle of bank notes, saw the official look sharply at herself, listening the while to Terry. Gradually a smile altered the Roman severity of his profile, and its owner blithely changed a note for the ticketless passenger.

"But, Terry, your mileage, you had mileage," said Ellen, when the conductor had passed on.

"At home, in my desk," said Terry cheerfully. "But there was no use going into piffing details with that cross old geezer at the gate—which I told the conductor—a dandy chap, by the way."

Ellen met a pair of laughing eyes which she would hardly have recognized. For some time, neither of them spoke, watching together the changing aspect of the outside world as they swept past the region of streets, into the realm of marsh and meadow. The June day glowed, the turquoise cap of the sky became it wonderfully. Hilltops, and woods, and clustering villages leaped into view, and then fell behind into the pale limbo of things half seen, wholly forgotten.

Suddenly, Terry turned to Ellen. His mind was intent on the evidence of his

[Concluded on page 91]



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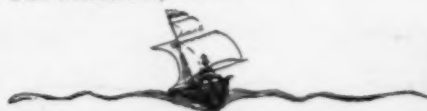
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THE BEST HALF

[Continued from page 90]

eyes concerning a curve of cheek, deeply pink, the nape of a slender white neck, a coil of gold-flecked hair. Again his nose apprised him of that strangely alien odor—the perfume of the flowers which another man has given your girl!

"Ellen, you're not engaged to that—that estimable highbrow whom we left at the gate—are you?"

"He's not a 'highbrow,'" said Ellen. "He is a perfectly good human with a sense of humor."

"Are you?" repeated Terry patiently.

"Men are so prejudiced—" said Ellen.

"Are you engaged to him, Ellen?"

"Not that I know of—yet."

Terry found articulation extremely difficult. At last, he said very slowly that he might not slip back into the stammering habit of his childhood: "Then, please, will you be engaged to me?"

Apparently, Ellen addressed a water tower they were just passing. "But think of the terrible handicap, Terry, of being married, or engaged, or in debt!"

"When I talked that punk I was blind, deaf, demented," said Terry in a low voice, leaning forward a little. "I hadn't begun to live. I saw only one half of the sphere of life—the half called work. The other half, the best half—which they call 'Love' I didn't recognize on sight. But now I'm like a puppy with its eyes open. I realize that not only the married woman but the married man 'works better, thinks straighter, studies harder'—just because he is married."

This plagiarism had its effect. Ellen turned from the green meadows to meet two sparkling eyes that demanded, entreated, promised, eyes brilliant with hope, and youth, and that Great Preoccupation proper to these treasures of the High Gods. With the ghost of a sigh, she hurried back to the lure of young summer out there—Terry became conscious of a strange sensation tingling through him, a horrible incredulity, a mounting dismay, then cold, clammy, deadly fear, the thing he had never known or imagined or thought conceivable in all his wholesome, joyous young life.

Ellen did not turn, but her eyelashes dipped down upon her cheeks, her hand moved, turned over, curled down, within another hand! Her lashes had now flipped away two bright drops and she saw, again, the flying vision outside, saw the gold and blue and green—yet it was the prosaic car which was suddenly metamorphosed into that ancient miracle—the vision of fulfilled desire, the land of dreams come true.

After all, Terry forgot to telephone in Philadelphia and so was six hours late in hearing that his firm—and his work—had won the competition!



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A PASTRY HINT.—To insure a crisp, flaky dough for pies and pastries, knead with a bottle filled with cold water, instead of using the ordinary wooden pin.—M. G., New York City, New York.

WHEN FRYING PANCAKES.—To avoid smoke made by greasing the griddle when frying pancakes, add two tablespoonfuls of melted lard to the batter. This keeps the pancakes from sticking and does not change the taste.—Mrs. J. E. H., Ouray, Colorado.

TO WHITEN DISCOLORED EARTHENWARE.—White dishes that have turned yellow with age, or that have become discolored can be restored to their original whiteness by scouring with common baking-soda. This will not scratch even delicate china.—N. C. H., Boston, Massachusetts.

MAKING CANDLES FIT.—Candles may be made to fit any holder by dipping the end of the candle into very hot water, and immediately afterward pressing it firmly into the holder. If the candle is too large, this will soften it so that it can be wedged in; if too small, hold for a minute, when the melted wax will harden in the holder, keeping the candle in position.—N. C. H., Boston, Massachusetts.

A CARPENTERING HINT.—A nail can be driven easily into plastering or into soft wood without splitting the wood or crumbling the plaster, if first the end is dipped into melted paraffin.—L. G. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

WHEN FRYING EGGS.—A tiny bit of flour added to the grease before dropping in the eggs prevents the eggs from popping and spattering grease. The spider should always be kept covered after the eggs are dropped into the fat. In this way they will fry a lovely shade of brown.—L. G. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

INCUBATOR EGGS.—Occasionally it happens that an egg which has been set one or two weeks accidentally has its shell broken in the incubator. If the skin un-

derneath is still intact, however, the injured place can be thickly and carefully coated with warm paraffin, and the life within left undisturbed.—Mrs. M. L. D., Edinboro, Pennsylvania.

TO PREVENT STARCH FROM STICKING.—Many people have trouble on ironing-day because the starch sticks to the irons. This can be easily avoided if the starch is allowed to boil a few minutes after it has been properly stirred, and if a teaspoonful of kerosene is added to every half gallon.—Mrs. J. P., Seymour, Indiana.

TELESCOPED TUMBLERS.—When two tumblers that have been placed one within the other are wedged together, let hot water run over the outer one and cold water over the inner one for a few seconds. You will then find it easier to separate the tumblers without breaking them.—K. K., Ozone Park, Long Island.

TO MAKE BOXED CAKES CRISP.—To crisp boxed cakes or wafers without curling or breaking, place the boxes or containers unopened in a moderate oven for ten to fifteen minutes. Do not even break the outer paper covering. This process does away with all possible danger of scorching and assures a palatable crispness to the contents.—Mrs. H. H. A., West Haven, Connecticut.

A NEW USE FOR PARAFFIN.—A few pieces of paraffin heated and poured over the holes in an old piece of tinware and allowed to harden will effectively close a leak so that the dish or receptacle will hold cold liquids. Paraffin will also close a leak in the lining of an ice-box.—H. G. E., Chicago, Illinois.

Editor's Note.—We want your best ideas and suggestions for every phase of the home woman's activities. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas which have appeared in print or are not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts which enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope will be returned.



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*How to get McCall Patterns.
See page 29.*

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